Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

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TO BUILD STATE ROAD DOWN NITTANY VALLEY

State Will Construct Highway From Bellefonte to Lock Haven.

BEGIN WORK AT ONCE

Route Will Follow Road From Bellefonte to Salona, Via Hecla and Hublersburg —Several Hundred Men Will be Given Employment.

A State road between Bellefonte and Lock Haven, via Nittany Valley will be built at once by the State Highway Department. Work on the project will be begun in the course of the next few days. Several hundred men will be on the job, the intention of the State Highway Department being to hurry the road through to completion in the shortest time possible.

The proposed route includes a continuation of the Bishop Street road to Salona, via Hecla and Hublersburg. The plans call for the building of a strictly first-class limestone road. A crushed stone dressing will probably be used. The work will be done under the supervision of W. D. Myer, recently appointed an assistant highway superintendent for this district.

There has been considerable doubt in the last few days as to who would do the work, that is, whether it would be given out to some contractor or be handled direct by the State Highway Department. It is understood that on Tuesday Chief Engineer Foster, of the State Highway Department, addressed a letter to Bellefonte in which he stated that the road would not be given out to any contractor and that the machinery, etc., to be used would arrive today.

Mr. Meyer, the recently appointed assistant highway superintendent, arrived in Bellefonte on Saturday night and will remain during the construction of the Nittany Valley road. He will work under the direction of Mr. Gephart, a State engineer with headquarters in Clearfield.

Killed Big Porcupine.

It isn't often that one comes across a big, husky porcupine roaming about Bellefonte, but just such a thing happened on Tuesday morning. John VanPelt and two of John McCoy's drivers, Morris Rine and Charley Stanley found a big porcupine in McCoy's cow stable. First they attacked it with clubs. The porcupine apparently went down and out. About the time it was figured the porcupine was dead it suddenly came to life. An iron bar was secured and for the second time the porcupine was apparently put out of business. Again it quickly revived. Finally its throat was cut. The porcupine was nailed onto a telephone post near John McCoy's coal office, at Water and Spring Streets, where it proved quite a curiosity to many persons. Many who viewed it expressed the belief that in all likelihood its mate is not far from the locality in which the porcupine was killed.

A Successful Baseball Trip.

The Academy baseball club last week had a successful trip through the western end of the State. On Thursday the Academy easily defeated the Indiana State Normal team, 6—0. On Friday the Academy had a walk-over with the University of Pittsburg, the score being 18—7. On Saturday the Bellefonte boys were not so successful, going down to defeat before the Duquesne University Club, 4—0.

Odd Accident Killed Horse.

A horse owned by John Barnes, of near Pleasant Gap, met death as a result of an odd accident on Sunday night, last. The horse was kicking up its heels along the road, and alighted astride a fence post. The horse was so badly injured internally that it died five minutes later.

R. R. Agents Visit State.

The semi-annual meeting of Pennsylvania Railroad agents was on Tuesday held at State College. The selection of State College for this meeting is an innovation, Williamsport having always been the place chosen in past years. The visiting agents made the trip to and from State College in a special train.

Death of Isaac Konkle.

Isaac Konkle, aged 83 years and 20 days, died at 12.45 a. m., Sunday, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alonzo Rathmell, 901 Meade street, Williamsport. The funeral was held at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, from the Rathmell residence. Interment was made in Edgewood cemetery.

BRIEF COURT SESSION

Few Cases Disposed of at Second Week Session—Adjourned Tuesday.

The second week of court disposed of the following cases and adjourned on Tuesday morning.

Clement Dale use of Israel Kauffman vs. Clayton Walker, E. Hancock and W. C. Walker. Settled.

W. F. Fredericks Piano Company vs. Z. I. Woodring; replevin. Settled.

W. H. Bradford vs. Quaker City Coal Company; to recover on a contract. Continued under terms of settlement.

J. W. Bruss vs. Roland C. Swisher and R. F. Comly, who survive Austin W. Swisher, deceased. Continued by agreement.

Philipsburg Brewing Company vs. Fred Eisenhauer, defendant, to revive a judgment. Defendant confessed judgment in open court.

John B. Martin vs. Alfred Baum; to recover a horse. Continued owing to recent death of E. R. Chambers, of counsel in the case.

First National Bank of Philipsburg, Pa., vs. Minnie W. Mapledorm (Minnie W. Clifford) and Horace R. Rose, executors of George W. Mapledorm, late of Philipsburg Borough, deceased; an action to revive a judgment. Verdict for plaintiff for $12,000, with interest from July 12, 1912, and attorneys commission of $800.

Lillie Dale vs. John S. Dale and Willard Dale, executors of George Dale, deceased; an action to recover for work done by the plaintiff after having reached her majority at the rate of $75.00 per year to the time of the death of George Dale and also for a horse sold by her father in his life time for $182.00, which also appeared in decedents book of accounts. The defense being that the amount was paid by the conditions of the will of decedent. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1832.00 subject to the question of law reserved by the court, whether or not the plaintiff could recover at all.

AWARDED BIG CONTRACT

R. B. Taylor Gets State Highway Job in Washington County.

R. B. Taylor, the Bellefonte contractor was the successful bidder for the building of a state highway on the national road near Claysville, in Washington County. Formal announcement of the awarding of the contract to Mr. Taylor was made in Harrisburg on Tuesday.

There was three bidders for the work. Mr. Taylor's bid was for $98,336.78.

Fell; Unconscious; Uninjured.

Hezekiah K. Hoy, who lives on WillowBank Street, and who is one of Bellefonte's venerable citizens, drifted into Frank Sasserman's barber shop a day or two ago, and as he stretched himself out in the barber's chair he mildly remarked:

"Had quite a fall last night."

"That so?" queried a sympathizing friend.

"Unconscious four or five hours," replied Mr. Hoy. Apparently indifferent to the possible presence of fresh wounds or bruises, Frank Sasserman soused Mr. Hoy's face with lather.

"Yes, sir," came Mr. Hoy's voice through the lather, "I didn't know a thing for, oh I guess, fully five hours."

"Where did you fall?" broke in the sympathetic friend.

"Out at my house—out on Willow-Bank Street," dryly remarked Mr. Hoy, that is, as dryly as anybody could very well remark with his face plastered up with rich, creamy lather.

"Well, that's too bad, it certainly is," said the sympathetic friend, who shot a reproving glance at Frank Sasserman because of the vigorous manner in which the latter was rubbing the lather on the face of the poor old man who had such a fall as to render him unconscious for four or five hours.

"It happened the other night," said Mr. Hoy in a sort of far-off, dreamy manner. "It was about 10 o'clock at night, and I was getting pretty sleepy, so I went up stairs and took off my clothes and crawled into bed, and —"

"And what—then what?" queried the sympathetic friend.

"Fell asleep, and didn't get awake for four or five hours," was Mr. Hoy's rejoinder. The sympathetic friend faded away.

MORAL—It's all right being a sympathetic friend when the other fellow isn't Hezekiah Hoy.

School Loan Defeated.

The proposed $18,000 school loan was defeated at State College on Tuesday by a vote of 87 to 70. The money asked for was to be devoted to erecting and equipping a new High School building. Recently a proposed loan of $30,000 was also defeated.

TWENTY-ONE GRADUATES AWARDED DIPLOMAS

Twenty-Ninth Annual Commencement of Bellefonte High School

PRIZE WINNERS NAMED

Students Rewarded With Gold for Excellency in Various Lines—Dr. J. G. Becht, of Harrisburg, Delivers Commencement Address.

A pleasing success from every viewpoint was the twenty-ninth annual commencement of the Bellefonte High School, the exercises of the graduating class being held yesterday afternoon and the twenty-one graduates receiving their diplomas at last night's meeting. Both afternoon and evening exercises were held in the auditorium of the New High School building, which was tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion.

Prof. Jonas E. Wagner, principal of schools, was in general chsrge of the commencement exercises. Prof. Irvin O. Noll, principal of the High School, presided over the afternoon exercises. Detrick's orchestra furnished the music. The reading of the class history and also the class prophecy were leading features and proved especially interesting to the graduates and their friends in the audience. Following prayer by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt the class exercises were begun.

The several speakers and their respective subjects were as follows:

Salutatory and Essay — Eugene Field
SARAH STROHM SHUEY

Oration — The Conditions in Cuba
JOHN MITCHEL DALE

Essay — Service and Its Reward
MARGARET DOUGAL GILMOUR

Class History
JOSEPH CEADER, JR.

Essay — The Influence of Character
HAZEL WINIFRED JOHNSON

Oration — The Concentration of Capital
BASIL FONTENAY MOTT

Essay — A College Education for Girls
MIRIAM RUTH WETZEL

Class Prophecy
DOROTHY RICHARDS JENKINS.

Oration — The Dull Boy in High School
HAROLD STIVER WARD

Valedictory and Essay — Mother's Influence in the Home
RUTH ELIZABETH KLINE

In the evening the commencement address was delivered by J. George Becht, Ph. D., secretary of the State Board of Education. Dr. Becht's address was an especially interesting and instructive one and commanded the closest attention of all present. Following this Dr. M. J. Locke, president of the School Board, presented the diplomas to the several graduates, speaking in a happy vein and adding the finishing touches to what had proved a most delightful day. The complete list of the members of the graduating class follows:

Sarah Strohm Shuey
John Mitchel Dale
Margaret Dougal Gilmour
Joseph Ceader, Jr.
Hazel Winifred Johnson
Basil Fontenay Mott
Miriam Ruth Wetzel
Dorothy Richards Jenkins
Harold Stiver Ward
Ruth Elizabeth Kline
Arthur Lee Confer
Margaret Anne Cooney
Calvin George Fisher
Ed Everette Garbrick
Charles Earl Gates
William Talmage Hafer
Isabelle Cordelia Johnson
Frank Stanley Jones
Joseph Paul Rumberger
Mamie Elizabeth Shope
Lewis Christe Swartz

The first event of the week was the preaching of the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class on Sunday evening by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, in the Methodist Episcopal church. On Monday evening the annual junior declamatory contest was held, the judges being LeRoy A. King, of the Lock Haven State Normal School, and William S. Dye, of State College. On Tuesday evening the annual alumni dance and reception was held in the Armory. The building presented an inspiring appearance when the lights were turned on. The side walls were prettily decorated, while overhead were suspended class pennants, recalling graduating classes of years gone by. The function was a successful one in every way and reflected much credit on those having the arrangements in hand.

The junior declamatory contest provided an evening of rare enjoyment for all fortunate enough to be present. The

(Continued on page 8)

HAS RARE OLD VIOLIN BEARS DATE OF 1617

William Aikey, of Near Curtin, Exhibits Fine Instrument.

MAY NET HIM FORTUNE

Formerly Owned by Son-in-Law, Reuben Garis, of Northumberland, who Died Several Weeks Ago—Will Ask Experts to Appraise Value.

William Aikey, a well known citizen and farmer whose home is near Curtin, recently came into possession of a rare, old violin. While he has not thus far had the instrument tested by experts its remarkable age and splendid condition would suggest that it may be worth considerable money.

Mr. Aikey on Tuesday was in town with the old violin and while here exhibited it at "The Republican" office. He frankly stated that he was not aware of its actual value, but naturally was determined to find out more about it before offering the violin for sale.

Inside the violin appear the name of the maker and the date, as follows: "Jacobus Steiner, prope Oenipontum, 1617. Made in Germany."

Mr. Aikey explained that the violin was until recently owned by his son-in-law, Reuben Garis, of Northumberland, who died several months ago. Just how Mr. Garis, inherited the rare, old instrument Mr. Aikey did not know. The date inside the instrument would seem to make the violin 295 years old, but despite this fact it is in apparently perfect condition.

KILLED IN QUARRY

Foreigner Meets Death Under Fall of Rock at Chemical Plant.

George Starri, a foreigner employed at the Chemical limestone quarry, was on Monday killed by a slide of stone while at work [illegible] others when he was caught in the path of a mass of falling rock. Before the unfortunate man could get out of the course of the rapidly moving rock he was caught and buried beneath a boulder weighing from 10 to 15 tons.

It was necessary to lift the heavy rock by means of jacks before Starri's body could be released. Starri boarded at No. 10 Collins Row.

Held Important Convention.

One of the most interesting and important conventions ever held at State College was that last Saturday of the Division Despatchers and Telegraph Engineers, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lines east of Pittsburg. The assemblage represented one of the most important branches of the entire Pennsylvania Railroad system. About seventy-five despatchers and telegraph engineers were in attendance, making the trip in a special train. Presiding was J. J. Johnson, telegraph superintendent at Broad Street station, Philadelphia. The visitors were aided in every way possible by the department of engineering. At the morning meeting there was an interesting discussion of methods for preserving timber used in telephone and telegraph service. Professor Clark, of the Forestry department, advanced numerous and valuable suggestions along this line. After luncheon, several hours were devoted to inspecting the several departments, the visitors expressing appreciation and admiration of the wide range of educational facilities afforded at State College.

Huston Pays Fine and Costs.

Joseph M. Huston, the Capital architect who was recently released from prison, on Monday through his counsel paid his fine of $500 and costs amounting to $720.71. This closes all cases so far as Huston is concerned. Similar payments are expected to be made by former Auditor General Snyder and J. M. Shumaker, former superintendent of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings. Both have been notified that they are liable, according to a recent opinion by the Supreme Court governing cost cases.

Tom. Donovan to Umpire.

Tom Donovan, the well known umpire, will come down from Tyrone tomorrow and officiate at the baseball game on Hughes field between the University of Pittsburg and the Bellefonte Academy.

Marriage Licenses.

Alfred L. Pifer, Lock Haven
Ethel Paul, Terre Haute, Ind.

Wm. M. Johnstonbaugh, State College
Belle Houser, Bellefonte

TRANSPLANTING TROUT

Likely to be Many Speckled Beauties in Near Future.

"The State Department of Fisheries is not making much of an effort to plant trout this spring, but we will send out large quantities in the fall. There will be plenty for all comers this fall, as conditions for raising the young fish are good at all of the hatcheries," said State Commissioners of Fisheries Nathan R. Buller regarding trout distribution.

All the trout put out this spring have been stock fish or fingerlings, the Commissioner having announced at the first of the year that no small fish would be distributed. Millions of fingerlings will be distributed during the autumn months, and by next spring the streams should be better stocked than for years, as the larger fish have a far better chance of surviving than the inch-long trout planted heretofore.

The department will follow up all shipments of young fish, the clubs or individuals receiving consignments being required to make reports as to place of planting and conditions, and on the way the fish are developing.

May Elect Flinn at Once.

Although formal announcement has been with-held, it is not improbable that the Pennsylvania delegates to the Republican national convention will be assembled to elect William Flinn, of Pittsburg, to the National Committee before that body convenes to handle contests from the various States, select a temporary convention chairman, etc. Should this course be adopted Flinn would supplant Senator Penrose in advance of the Chicago convention, rather than after it. A hint that Flinn would be elected a national committeeman in advance of the convention was last week thrown out by State Chairman Wasson, of Pittsburg. The plan is understood to be favored by the Roosevelt managers, who want men in the National Committee friendly to Roosevelt delegates when contests are considered.

The Taft forces propose presenting Elihu Root, of New York, as their choice for temporary chairman of the convention. Roosevelt has publicly announced his opposition to Root on the ground that the latter is not in sympathy with the Roosevelt policies and that the address of the temporary chairman is usually accepted as the keynote of the convention. Roosevelt will probably back Governor Hadley, of Missouri, for temporary chairman. The first big clash of the convention will therefore come right at the beginning and will in large measure foreshadow the relative strength of Taft and Roosevelt for the nomination for President.

The drift of opinion, representative o both Taft and Roosevelt followers, during the past week is that there will likely be no nomination for President on the first ballot, and that if a choice is not made for either Taft or Roosevelt on the second ballot a third, and as yet unnamed, candidate is likely to capture the nomination. As stated, this is the belief of many impartial observers. On the other hand, the Roosevelt managers hold to the belief that while the first ballot may not result in a nomination the second ballot will witness a stampede to Roosevelt and that Taft's name will be withdrawn before the roll call is completed. This claim is ridiculed by the Taft people, who contend that the president already has enough votes to nominate and that they will control the convention from start to finish.

An entirely disinterested view of the situation is that Taft today has enough votes instructed or pledged to insure his nomination, but that his losses among pledged delegates are becoming of such magnitude that his nomination is at best doubtful, while Roosevelt stands if anything the better chance for winning out.

Roosevelt Wins New Jersey.

Incomplete returns indicate that Roosevelt carried New Jersey over Taft at Tuesday's primaries. The delegation of 28 from that State is apparently divided, with Roosevelt having the larger number. The Roosevelt forces claim at least 22 of the delegation.

For the Democratic delegates, Governor Wilson has apparently won 24 of the 28.

The vote polled by both parties in the State was light.

Weasel Killed Chickens.

Residents of Linn Street have lost many little chickens during the past week. The throats of the chickens are cut, suggesting the presence of a weasel.

Festival at Blanchard,

The Loyal Temperance Legion and W. C. T. U., of Blanchard, will hold a festival on the school house lawn on the evening of July 6th.

PLAN BASKET PICNIC FOR FOURTH OF JULY

Moose Lodge to Hold Second Annual Outing at Hecla Park.

ENJOY DAY IN WOODS

Program Includes Championship Baseball Game, Tub Race, Side-show and Grand Display of Fire-works at Night —Everybody Invited.

Getting down to business without waiting to see what somebody else may be planning in the amusement line, Bellefonte Lodge, No. 206, Loyal Order of Moose, has already perfected plans for holding its second annual basket picnic at Hecla Park on the Fourth of July. The members of the Lodge, who are 500 or more in number and who are located in all parts of Centre County, are planning to make this year's big outing a pleasing success, both socially and financially.

While the boys have not as yet divulged the details of the program of amusements, enough is known to announce that there will be a championship baseball game, a side-show attraction, somewhat on the order of the wild west show at the county fair, a grand tub race, a modern fireworks display and quite a number of other features, all of which are planned to afford amusement and entertainment to the big crowd which it is expected will be in attendance. The boys have adopted the slogan of advertising nothing which will not be carried out to the letter, and on this basis all who go to Hecla Park on the Fourth will know exactly what to expect in the line of amusements.

The keynote of the big annual outing is that it is an old-fashioned basket picnic, to which everybody is invited. For those who do not care to take their own lunch baskets, there will be plenty of eating stands in operation to make it impossible for anybody to leave the park hungry or thirsty. Positively no liquors will be sold on the grounds. The very best of order will be maintained, and all who go to the park will be able to feel that nothing will be permitted which could in any way interfere with the pleasure and enjoyment of a single visitor.

Watch for the big posters later on announcing the program of amusements. Meanwhile make your plans to enjoy the Fourth at Hecla Park.

Jailed for School Tax.

The Lock Haven "Democrat" says: Robert P. Miller, collector of school taxes in the Second ward, found it necessary to issue fifteen warrants on Saturday against individuals who had failed to pay back taxes, some on the 1909 duplicates, after repeated importunities on the part of the collector. Several of the number hustled around and paid the taxes before the warrents were served, while others on whom the warrants were served by Constable George Wait, were compelled to pay costs, in addition to the taxes. One individual, who refused or was unable to settle, was placed in jail, where he will remain until he arranges to meet the bill, including the cost of his board in jail. Other collectors who are having trouble have also decided to issue warrants.

Hospital Notes.

Operations—John B. Shank, Bellefonte; Samuel N. Whitman, student at State College; Mrs. Sadie Bower, Aaronsburg.

Admitted for treatment—Orvis Lee, Zion; Dennis Super, Bellefonte; Mike Staraik, Snow Shoe.

Discharged—Mrs. Jennie Clevenstine, Zion; Robert Brown, Bellefonte; Margaret Irvin, Pleasant Gap.

26 patients in the hospital.

Houser Family Reunion.

The second annual reunion of the Houser families will be held at Penn on the ground of the proposed penitentiary, five miles south of Bellefonte, June 22. A fine program is being arranged by those in charge. All relatives and friends invited. A. R. HOUSER.

Circus Wreck 19 Years Ago.

Nineteen years ago today Walter L. Main's big circus train was wrecked while coming down the mountain from Philipsburg. It will be recalled that seven persons and many valuable animals were killed.

Water Motor For Sale.

A Backus Water Motor for sale at thi office. Is 33 inches in diameter and is in first-class condition. Can be seen in operation at any time. Call or inquire at "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW DOG LAW

Constables and Tax Collectors Notified to Rigidly Enforce Provisions.

State Veterinarian C. J. Marshall, at Harrisburg, has sent to each constable and tax collector in Centre County a copy of the new law taxing dogs and providing that where the tax is not paid dogs shall be killed. In order that all owners of dogs may be informed on the subject we publish the act in full, as passed by the last Legislature and signed by Governor Tener. The law is as follows:

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c., That hereafter all dogs, made taxable by the act to which this is a supplement, shall be required to wear, at all times, a substantial collar, to which shall be attached the tag hereinafter mentioned; said collar to be furnished by the owner of said dog or dogs; and said tag to be furnished by the county commissioners, and to be paid for by them out of the fund realized from the taxation of dogs.

Section 2. The county commissioners of the several counties shall prepare and furnish, annually, to the several tax collectors of the county metal tags, to be given by said tax collectors to the owners of dogs when said owners shall pay the tax assessed upon said dogs. Upon one side of said tags shall be stamped, in raised letters, the following, "Dog tax for .... (naming the year); paid."

Section 3. At the time of payment of dog tax by the owner of such dog, the tax collector shall give to said owner one of said tags, prepared for the year for which said tax is paid; which said tag shall thereupon be attached to the collar of the dog for which said tax was paid by the owner of said dog.

Section 4. Should the owner of any dog or dogs neglect to pay the tax assessed for said dog or dogs, and to comply otherwise with the provisions of this act, it shall immediately thereafter be the duty of the proper tax collector to give written notice to said owner that if he fails to pay said tax, and also to comply with the provisions of sections one and three of this act as to the collar and tag required to be worn, within ten days, or to kill his dog himself within said time, that said dog will thereupon be killed by the constable of the proper district: Provided, That for the notice written and mailed or delivered, under this provision, the said tax collector shall be entitled to receive the sum of twenty-five cents, which amount shall be paid to him by the county commissioners at the time of the next settlement of accounts between said officer and the county commissioners. For failure of the tax collector to perform his duty under the requirements of this section, he shall be liable to a penalty of two dollars in each case, which amount shall be deducted in any settlement occuring between said officer and the county commissioners.

Section 5. In cases of default by any such owner as to complying with the requirements of this act, and particularly with section four as to payment of tax, wearing collar and tag, and killing his said dog, it shall thereupon be the duty of the tax collector of said district, and shall also be the right and privilege of any citizen of the proper district, to notify the proper constable of the said district of such failure and default, and that it thereupon becomes the duty of said constable to kill said dog. And, in either case, it shall thereupon be the duty of such constable to kill all such dogs; and for such service said constable shall be entitled to receive for each dog killed and buried, cremated, or otherwise legally disposed of, by him, from the county commissioners, out of the fund realized from the taxation of dogs, the sum of one dollar. For failure to perform his official duty under the provisions of this section, the constable shall be liable to a penalty of two dollars for each offense, which said amount shall be deducted from any amount due such constable from the county at the next settlement between such officer and the county commissioners.

Section 6. Every person keeping a dog or dogs about his house or premises, permitting such dog or dogs to stay about his house or premises, shall be taken and deemed to be the owner of such dog or dogs, for all the purposes of this act; and shall be liable for the assessed valuation of such dog or dogs, as the case may be; the same to be recovered as are other taxes imposed in this Commonwealth.

Section 7. All dogs not wearing the collar and tag required by the provisions of this act are hereby declared to be a public nuisance; and such dog may be killed at any time by the owner of lands within the Commonwealth, or the bona fide tenant upon lands within the Commonwealth, or by the employe of either owner or tenant upon whose lands such dog may be found, and the owner of such dog so killed shall have no recourse at law whatever.

Section 8. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

The antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes. Makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves painful, swollen tender, sweating, aching feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

SUMMER SESSION AT NORMAL

Prospectus Will Be Sent to All Interested Upon Application.

We are in receipt of the handsome prospectus of the Central State Normal school for the summer session, which begins July 1 and continues for five weeks. We note that the whole cost for this term is but $30 and that this pays room rent, boarding, washing and tuition. The courses include phychology, history of education, general and special methods, school management and practice teaching in the training school, also mathematics, English, history, sciences, Latin, German and French. Special courses are offered in art, basketry, weaving, vocal and instrumental music, elocution and business. The program will be arranged so that the afternoons and evenings may be devoted to recreation and entertainment. This illustrated prospectus will be sent to all interested in a vacation school upon application to the principal, Dr. George P. Singer, Lock Haven, Pa.

Desirable for Hot Weather.

Fannie Merritt Farmer, editor of the Cooking Department of the Woman's Home Companion, writes an article in the June number on "Toothsome Vegetarian Dishes" and includes a dozen or fifteen recipes. Following is an extract from her article, and one of the recipes:

"A number of vegetarian dishes, especially if they are made nutritious as well as appetizing, by the use of nuts, cheese, macaroni, rice, and the like, are desirable to serve during the hot months. They give a certain variety to the diet, at any rate, and are healthful additions to a housewife's menu. The following recipe is reliable, and has been thoroughly tested. Remember that all measurements are made level.

"Baked Macaroni with Peanut Butter—Macaroni, like all starchy foods, should be cooked in boiling salted water. It is ruined if placed in water at a lower temperature. Break macaroni in one-inch pieces; there should be one cupful. Cook twenty minutes, or until soft, in two quarts of boiling water, to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt. Drain in strainer, pour over one quart of cold water (which prevents pieces from adhering), and put in a buttered baking-dish. Scald two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, and add gradually, while stirring constantly, to three and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, and pour over the macaroni. Cover, and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. Remove cover, sprinkle with one cupful of buttered crackers crumbs, increase the oven heat, and bake until crumbs are browned. Allow from one-fourth to one-third cupful of melted butter to a cupful of cracker crumbs. Always mix buttered crumbs with a fork, so that the crumbs may be evenly coated and light."

The High Prices of Horses.

Notwithstanding the growing popularity of horseless vehicles, both for pleasure and business use, the market price of horses in the vicinity of Harrisburg is higher now than it has been at any time since the close of the Civil War. The best draft horses are bringing about $250 each and drivers about the same. Horses have been in great demand for two years past, at steadily increasing prices. Twenty years ago it took a number one horse to sell for $150.

Livestock of other kinds has increased proportionately in price. Beef cattle or feeders have brought this year the best figures within the recollection of the oldest farmers, selling as high as $9.80 per hundred pounds. In 1881 beef cattle sold for from $7 to $7.37 per hundred pounds. The best Jersey, Guernsey or Holstein dairy cows now bring, when fresh, from $60 to $70. Common stock cows are worth from $35 to $50. Beef cattle were last year quoted at $5.50 per hundred pounds. The lowest price was reached in 1910, when it dropped to $4.25.

More cows are being raised by the farmers in that part of the state now than ever before, especially well bred stock. The farmers also are finding that the better grades of horses are the more profitable to raise.

Sheep this year are away down. Good ones can be bought for $3.50 and $4, and lambs for 40 cents. A year or two ago a ewe with lamb sold for $10 to $12.

Hospital Gets Big Check.

The Huntingdon "Journal" says that on last Monday evening, E. M. C. Affrica, president of the J. C. Blair Memorial hospital, received a check from the Pennsylvania railroad company for $2500, along with a highly complimentary letter stating the gift was a token from the directors of the company for the efficient and very capable manner in which the injured were handled at the local institution at the time of the Warrior Ridge wreck. The letter was written by Supt. C. A. Preston.

REDUCED FARES TO GETTYSBURG.

Account Encampment Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Gettysburg from stations on its lines, June 1 to 4, good returning to reach original starting point not later than midnight of June 8, at reduced fares (minimum fare 50 cents). Consult nearest Ticket Agent.

GRAZING PROHIBITED

Order Issued Against Pasturing College on State Lands.

The Philadelphia "Record" on Sunday, last pulbished the following special correspondence from Lock Haven:

An edict issued a few days by the State Foresty Department and signed by Forestry Commissioner Robert Conklin has with one sweep put a stop to a business both unique and profitable, and one which has been followed for at least 25 years the grazing of cattle on the vest field ranges of the Beech Creek and Tangascootac districts.

It was hinted last fall that last summer's round-up of steers would be the last permitted by the State, though the farmers and cattle rangers who have been permitted to use the ranges for over a generation believed that the rumor was without official sanction. The other day they learned otherwise, when, at the direction of the Forestry Department, notices were posted and advertisements printed in the local newspapers giving warning that all cattle running at large on State lands in this section would be impounded under the law and held as hostages or sold.

The new order follows the planting in these regions during the early spring of upward of 100,000 pine seedlings in the old clearings and in the swamps. A month's running at large of the hundreds of steers that heretofore have been herded on the ranges every summer would have entirely ruined this planting. The stopping of the herding takes away a more or less picturesque business which grew up in this section after the timber was stripped from the hills. Following the cutting of the heavy timber there grew every season a quite plentiful crop of grass and tender shoots, upon which the cattle grazed and fattened. Sections over which fires ran would in a few months become perfect beds of juicy shoots, and more than once it was pretty definitely settled that costly fires in the mountains had been set and spread by the herders, that their cattle might be furnished a new crop of grazing material in a new locality.

The only thing the grazers had to do was to go into the mountains once a week and "salt" the steers—that is, scatter salt around where they found the cattle gathered to drink. For five months from early spring until first frosts the cattle were permitted to roam the ranges and become as wild as deer, and sometimes as dangerous as Texas cattle, so that the fall round-up was always attended with both excitement and trouble. The herders gathered the cattle up in the farming regions, two and three here and as many somewhere else. Each farmer's cattle were given a distinct [illegible] they were herded together [illegible] promiscuously onto the ranges. As many as 300 cattle have thus been fed by two or three rangers in a single season. Often the rangers were also ginseng gatherers and rattlesnake fat men, the three businesses working together well, for some parts of the 'Scootac are "lousy" with rattlers, and men have made as much as $100 each in a single season killing the reptiles and abstracting their oil.

A part of the old 'Scootac range which comes under the new order of banishment, was old Reveltown, a little mining settlement established on the very summit of the mountain back in the years that the West Branch canal was opened, expecting to ship the coal by that means of transportation. But the scheme proved a financial folly. After building a large fine house in the woods for his own residence and a half-dozen or more shanties for the miners, old John Revel went away a bankrupt, and Reveltown became a deserted village. In the years that the cattle were "ranged" on the hills the old Revel mansion, with its prettily-papered walls, hardwood mantels and oak doors, became the shelter for scores of wild cattle, and the floors that once furnished a smooth surface for the miners and their families to dance upon, when guests of the fine old superintendent, were turned into places on which the cattle slept and lolled.

A score or more herders will find themselves thrown out of employment as a consequence of the Forestry Department's embargo, and many farmers in the Beech Creek section will have to find other means of summering over their steers.

Twins Joined Together.

Twin babies joined together by a ligament from the lower part of their backs were born in the City Hospital at Holyoke, Mass., last Friday, to Mrs. John Griggs, of that city. Specialists will examine the twins to decide whether it is possible to separate them by performing an operation. Local doctors were of the opinion that an operation would result in the death of both. The "Siamese twins" of world-wide fame died almost simultaneously.

Got Salty Sentences.

John Dauksha, John Victor and William Bielski, all young men residing in Mount Carmel, trembled last Saturday when Judge Moser, at Sunbury, sentenced them for habitual burglary. The former was given not more than 40 years, and his colleagues each not more than 20 years in the penitentiary, for committing three daring burglaries in one night recently in the neighborhood of Mount Carmel.

Carefully Weighed.

In the Dana days on the New York Sun a young Cornell graduate was put at work reviewing books. One of the first books handed him was a massive "Life of Napoleon," by a college professor.

The Cornell man had specialized on Napoleon at his university under a great authority and thought rather poorly of this new biographer of Napoleon, who was a professor in another university, by the way. He glanced casually over the illustrations and wrote his review as follows:

"'Life of Napoleon,' by Professor So-and-so. The work weighs nine pounds."

Mr. Dana read the review and sent for the young man.

"Did you write this review?" he growled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you read the book?" growled Mr. Dana again, fiercer than before.

"No, sir; I weighed it."

"That'll do!" growled Mr. Dana again.

Then he sent word down to the cashier to raise the reviewer's salary.—Saturday Evening Post.

Gathering Stones For Teeth.

Upon the rocky coast of Normandy between Havre and Dieppe are to be seen numbers of men and boys of all ages walking slowly up and down the shore and occasionally picking up a pebble and placing it carefully in sacks which they carry. When these sacks are filled they are carried to a foreman, who examines the pebbles carefully and pays the collector. The pebbles gathered are not very abundant, but the washing of the shore produces more each day, and the work goes on, while the business—for it really is quite an industry—seems to pay those engaged in it. These small stones or pebbles are shipped across the sea to the United States, where they are reduced to a fine powder, which is afterward converted into a very fine grade of porcelain, from which many of the best false teeth are made.—Exchange.

Imprisoned In the Wind.

Butterflies may be imprisoned and uninjured in the midst of a whirlwind. Gales in a genuine typhoon are so terrible that the stoutest ships can scarcely hope to weather them, but there is a spot at the very center of the storm where something like a dead calm prevails. From the outer edge of the disturbance, which may be 300 miles across, the wind velocity increases toward the center until within a few miles of that point there comes a sudden lull. There the rain ceases and the sky often clears. In this little calm area, which sailors call "the eye of the storm," a group of butterflies has frequently been imprisoned, and their dainty, delicate forms are as safe in this aerial cage as if hovering in sunny meadows, but as helpless as in a collector's bottle.

Defining a Duck.

A schoolboy assigned to prepare an essay on ducks submitted the following: "The duck is a low, heavy set bird composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a mighty poor singer, having a hoarse voice, caused by getting so many frogs in his neck. He likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that they come pretty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf and go swimming and eat everything in sight. If I was to be a duck I would rather be a drake."—Exchange.

Skeleton of the Skyscraper.

The skyscraper is taller when building than when built. While the red steel columns are being set one upon the top of the next by the long arm of the erector they seem to be climbing upward and upward without end, says the Chicago Post. It is as if they had set out to reach the clouds and man was helping them to realize their aspirations. And while the unfinished tops stick manfully into the air realization appears perfectly possible. It is only when the horizontal line of the eaves is drawn at right angles to the vertical lines of the pillars, when the roof is put on and the climbing steel boxed in, that the building loses its aspiration and becomes as limited as the rest of us.

Malay Superstitions.

You can scarcely ever get your money from a Malay on Friday because Malays believe that if they pay their creditors on a Friday they will be overtaken by penury. Malays never shave or cut their nails on Saturday or Tuesday because these are unlucky days, and if they do part with their hair or nails on these days they believe that they will be always in trouble or will die quickly.

Pretty Certain.

A well known millionaire was saying to his confidential clerk one day, "Now I've arranged those papers for my wife and children all right, so that if I die"—

"If you die?" interrupted the secretary. "Say when you die; there's no if about dying."

Full Deck.

Irate Wife—That's the fifty-second falsehood you've told me this week. Unabashed Husband—Well, now, you can see what is meant by the expression "a pack of lies."—Pittsburgh Post.

Never Finished.

He (anxiously) — About how long, darling, will it take to complete your trousseau? She—All the rest of my married life.—Life.

To Kill Cut-Worms

A correspondent from Blair county recently wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., asking for information concerning the destruction of Cut-worms in his garden. The following timely reply was sent to him:

"Replying to your recent letter concerning the destruction of Cut-worms on your garden plants, and also liable to destroy your corn, I beg to say that the best thing to do is to kill them by the poison mash. Mix about equal parts of bran and middlings, and to about forty parts of this, by measure, add one part of Paris green, or dry arsenate of lead or dry white arsenic, and stir it well together, while yet dry. Then dissolve some coarse brown sugar in water, or use old strong molasses with water, and pour enough of this over the poison bran mixture to dampen it. Drop a point of a teaspoonful at each step or two over your garden or corn field in places where the pests are most numerous. A very small pinch placed at the base of each plant in the evening will be sure to prevent that plant from damage by the Cut-worm.

"By scoring your corn field, and putting out the poision bran mash in the furrows in the evening, you can kill the Cut-worms. Poultry can be kept from getting it by placing it under boards, or by covering it to a very slight depth with soil. It is better to put it out in the evening, so it will remain damp.

"I know of a farmer in Lancaster county who very effectively cleared up the Cat-worms in his corn field, which was growing on sod ground of the previous year. He is well satisfied with the results."

Received Relic of the Maine.

Lieutenant H. S. Fleck, secretary of the Sheridan Troop Veteran Association of Tyrone received last Friday by express from Captain F. E. Beatty, of the United States navy, commandant and superintendent of the naval gun factory, Washington, D. C., a bona fide relic from the battleship Maine, which laid in Havana harbor from February, 1908, until it was raised and towed out to its grave in March of this year, or over fourteen years. The souvenir is an "air port cover," made of copper. Its use was to exclude water from one of the air ports during high seas. The Sheridan Troop Veteran Association made application through congress for some part of the ill fated warrior as a substantial reminder of the strife that was hurriedly quelled when it became known that the Sheridan Troop was on the way to the front.

How the Delegates Voted.

The Central Pennsylvania Methodist Episcopal conference had twelve delegates representing it at the general conference of the church in Minneapolis. Six were ministers, six laymen. Four of the delegates voted to expunge from the Discipline paragraph 260, forbidding attendance at theatres, dancing or card playing, while eight voted to retain it. Those who desired to expunge this paragraph are not in favor of permitting any one of the amusements mentioned, but believe the decision of the matter should be left to the individual judgment. The vote was as follows:

Ayes—Buckingham, Eveland, Hart and Hutchison.—4.

Nays—Ames, Anderson, Conner, Dickson, Jacobs, Murray, Stevens and Zentmyer.—8.

May Join Savoy Band.

The Philipsburg "Ledger" last week published a paragraph telling of an open-air concert given there recently by Prof. Caesar Panzeri and the Royal Savoy Italian Band, which travels with the Empire Shows Carnival, and included this comment: "Winfield Scott Lose, who came here from Bellefonte to join the local band, assisted in giving the concert, and may be induced to become a member of Prof. Panzeri's organization."

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitter tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

Dr. Eveland Honored.

Dr. W. P. Eveland, president of Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, who recently preached in the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church, was on Saturday, last, chosen missionary bishop for Southwestern Asia, by the Methodists in convention at Minneapolis, Minn. He received 545 votes with 495 necessary to elect. Emil Luering, of Borneo, received 161 votes, and H. R. Calkins, of the Northwest India Conference, 21. The second ballot resulted in a deadlock.

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BOTH PHONES

Mealy Bugs on Potted Plants.

One of the questions frequently asked Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Harrisburg, is how to treat Mealy bugs on potted plants of the household or greenhouse. To such an inquiry he has replied as follows:

"The Mealy bug is a small, white or pinkish, soft insect which in appearance and habits is almost intermediate between scale insects and plant lice or aphids. It feeds on potted plants by sinking its long probocis into the plant, injecting a poisonous saliva and sucking out the modified sap, as do other suctorial insects. It stunts the growth of the plant, and often causes the leaves to turn pale and drop. It is particularly abundant on the coleus and geranium, but may attack almost any kind of potted plant. In fact, this and the Soft scale are the two worst enemies of such plants, whether they be in the household or greenhouse. The treatment for the two is similar.

"Since Mealy bugs are suctorial insects they can not be killed by any arsencial spray or poison that be given to them, but must be destroyed by contact insecticides. Among the various things recommended for its destruction are as follows:

1. Spraying or washing with very strong tobacco decoction. This can be made either by steeping tobacco in water, or by buying the prepared tobacco leaf extract.

2. Make up a solution of soap and water, using one-half pound of soap in one gallon of water. To this add four or five tablespoonfuls of ammonia. Dip a soft sponge into the solution, and wash the plants with it. This is also the best remedy for the Soft scale on whatever plants it may occur.

3. Set the plants into a vessel like a washboiler containing water as hot as the hand can stand, or by holding the earth in the crock with one hand, turn the plants upside down in such water, letting them remain two or three minutes.

4. Dip a finely tipped brush into pure kerosene or coal oil, and touch the Mealy bugs with this. One touch is sufficient to destroy the pests. Prune away and burn those parts that are worst infested."

Example of Pluck.

The Philipsburg Ledger last week published the following: David Cochler, the afflicted peddler, was in Philipsburg on Friday. He is known to so many families in Centre and Clearfield counties that we take pleasure in publishing the following words of praise for him from the Clearfield Republican. Every word of it is true, for if ever there was a man handicapped in the struggle for existence, it is "Davy." Yet how much better he has succeeded than thousands in nowise afflicted.

"Davy Cochler, of Centre county, who has been traveling this county the past 40 years selling notions, called on his customers this week, after spending Sunday here and attending services in Trinity church. Davy has for half a century been a living example of what pluck, honest purpose and the love of God in man's heart can do when combined in the individual. He has been a lifelong victim of an incurable nervous disease which in 99 men out of a hundred would gain the masterv. Not so much with Davy. He has not only made an honest living for himself, but has always earned sufficient to give charitable objects, give something to the church and lay up a little for the proverbial rainy day. Any healthy man suffering from the "blues" can be instantly cured by consulting Davy Cochler and adopting his formula. He don't charge for the prescription."

Good Rule for Any Road.

Bluffing and sarcasm are tabooed on the lines of the Chicago Great Western Railroad Company. In a circular letter issued by General Manager Hiram J. Slifer the latter points out that desirable employes are those who not only give civil, but also intelligent replies to questions. All employes are cautioned not to give foolish replies merely because a patron has absent-mindedly asked a foolish question. The circular reads in part:

"If a woman asks what is delaying a train, the answer 'board's against us' means absoluely nothing to her; she may get a false impression that there is danger ahead, whereas more explicit information might give her a different impression and peace of mind.

"If an excited man asks what time the 9 o'clock train will leave, don't tell him 8.60," he is probably laboring under a nervous strain and does not realize what he is saying. Most people do not travel every day and in their excitement anticipate missing trains and having many other things occur which do not happen. The sick, aged and women traveling alone should be carefully looked after.

"In business, the adage, 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' is not only true, but we might add, 'a harsh answer turneth away cash.'"

Michael Powers a member of the Major Dandy Post 843 Perth Amboy, N. J. would like old comrades to know of the help Foley Kidney Pills were to him. He had terrible pains in his back and other painful and annoying symptoms of kidney trouble and says: "Foley Kidney Pills have cured me in a remarkably short time." Write for particulars. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

A Lost Ring

It Made Trouble Between Two Lovers

By F. A. MITCHEL

Mary, Farmer Ashurst's daughter, was putting her room to rights of a bright morning in the springtime. The windows were up, and the warm sunshine was pouring into the room. She swept, dusted, made her bed and when all was finished untied the strings of her apron, took off the covering she had used to keep the dust out of her chestnut hair, and it rippled in the sunlight. Then, pouring water into a bowl on the washstand and removing a ring from her finger, she laid the latter carefully on the window sill and proceeded to wash her hands.

"Mary!" called her mother from below.

Mary was drying her hands, but went at once into the hall and, leaning over the banister, asked what was wanted.

"Go out to the spring house and get me some milk."

Hanging the towel on the banister, Mary went downstairs and did her errand.

Meanwhile a jackdaw sailed from a cote raised on a huge post in the yard and lit on the roof of the porch just outside Mary's window. He strutted about, pecking here and there, examining minutely breaks between the shingles as if looking for something, and not finding anything to interest hopped up on to the window sill.

The moment he caught sight of Mary's ring its sparkle was reflected in his eyes. He turned it over with his claw, pecked at it with his beak, then threw his head back and laughed. Of all the odds and ends, bits of tin, broken crockery, spools, hairpins and such other articles he had purloined this was his richest find. He danced about it for awhile, evidently wondering how it was made and why it was so beautiful and how it came to be right there for him on the window sill. Then, hearing Mary coming up the stairs, he took it up in his beak and, spreading his wings, flew with it to the cote on the top of the high post.

A moment later Mary came back into her room and discovered that it was not where she had left it.

Her engagement ring, given her but a few days before by Joel Armstrong, had disappeared.

There came in at the window a distant sound of a man's voice urging on his horses while plowing. It was Joel's. Molly ran downstairs and across the fields toward her lover. Joel saw her coming and at the turn pulled in his horses.

"For heaven's sake, Molly, what's the matter?"

"The ring! It's gone!"

He put his arm about her, and she told the story of the mysterious disappearance.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, "when she had finished, "if you don't find it I'll buy you another."

"But," she moaned, "it won't be that ring. Besides, there's the bad luck."

"Of losing it?"

"I mean it'll bring bad luck."

"Oh, no, it won't. That's idle superstition. Tell me, did anything occur while you were gone to the spring house to knock the ring off the window sill?"

"Not a thing, so far as I know, and mother, who was in the house all the time, says she heard nothing."

"Anybody in the house but your mother?"

"No."

"Sure no tramp came by or a tin peddler or anybody like that?"

"Not a soul."

"Funny, isn't it?"

There are many ways of saying these last few words. Molly thought she detected a tinge of incredulity in the way Joel spoke then. She drew away and looked lugubriously on the ground.

"Well, don't think any more about it," he said. "I'm going to town on Saturday, and if the ring doesn't turn up by that time I'll bring back another—a prettier one."

Molly said nothing by way of reply, but turned to go back to the house, while her lover started up his team.

That evening Joel Armstrong went to the store to buy some rope. There he met John Mudge. Mudge and Armstrong were friends, and Armstrong told Mudge of his engagement, mentioning the mysterious loss of the betrothal ring. Mudge looked thoughtful.

"There's somep'n wrong about the Ashurst farm," he said. "There's been a number of things lost there, and the queer thing about it is that they have all disappeared when there wasn't anybody about but the family."

"Who's wrong?"

"Oh, I don't accuse anybody, but it don't stand to reason that things should disappear without somebody to take 'em."

"That's just what I've been thinking about," replied Joel, knitting his brows.

And so Joel parted with his friend, his idea that there was something wrong with the loss of the ring confirmed. The next step was to think out a reason for there being something wrong, especially a reason connecting Molly with the wrongness of it. He couldn't conjure up any such reason, but he explained his inability to do so on the ground that the bigger the rascality the bigger the mystery. A suspicion that Molly had been deprived of the ring in some other way that she did not wish him to know crept in and took possession of him. He did not try to see Molly till the next evening; then he went to her house, and the moment he entered she knew that he had changed toward her. He sat down beside her and began to question her as a lawyer would cross examine a witness.

"Tell me every person who was in the house during the day you lost the ring."

"No one except father and mother and me."

"Who was here the day before?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"It might have something to do with it."

"How?"

"Never mind that; tell me."

Molly began to draw back within herself. There was something in both the question and Joel's manner in asking it, seeming to indicate that she was herself involved in this investigation.

"There was some one here the evening before the ring was lost, but I'd rather not tell you who he was because I think you'd better not know. It might make you feel uncomfortable."

"You'll have to tell me; might as well out with it first as last."

"Sam Turner."

The expression that passed over Joel's face was not a pleasant one. Sam Turner had been his rival, a rival he feared, for Turner was very much respected and had been the choice of Molly's parents for their daughter. It occurred to Joel that this visit of Turner's had something to do with the mystery of the ring. Perhaps he had taken it away with him and Molly had invented the story of its disappearance till she could get it back. Perhaps—there were a number of other perhapses equally farfetched—but to one bitten by the serpent of jealousy very palpable. Joel's manner became quite cool.

"What does all this mean?" asked Molly. "Didn't I tell you when I made my choice between you and Sam that it was irrevocable—at least if you're not going to cause me to think I've made a mistake. He came to wish me happiness in my engagement, and, though it was evident he suffered, he said not one word in complaint at my having declined him for you."

Joel rose. He said nothing till he reached the door, then told Molly that he would think the matter over and let her know. What he was to think over he did not explain. Molly kept her eyes fixed on him till he had withdrawn, but spoke not a word. She has looked upon Joel Armstrong as one with too noble a nature thus to accuse her within a few weeks of their engagement. This was a surprise and a shock to her.

The next morning Joel received a note from Molly breaking their engagement. The shock was now with him, though he was no better satisfied that there was not something underhanded which he could not understand. He made no reply to the note. He did what a man usually does in such cases—he sulked.

The next thing he heard was that Molly had gone away on a visit. He was beginning to find by this time that he had overrated his ability to get on without her, even though she might have deceived him. His farm duties were light, for the planting was finished, and there was little to do but wait for the first reaping. So he sat in the barn when idle and thought about Molly. Sometimes it would suddenly come over him that all this trouble as to the loss of the ring was nonsense; that it had been really lost and there had been nothing to cover up. But this view of the case would not last long. Besides, if Molly had really loved him she would have shown more distress at his suspicion of her. It did not occur to him that the more sensitive she was to her honor the more indignant she would be at being falsely accused.

One day while he was in the store he heard two men talking.

"That was quaar up to Ashurst's yistedy, wa'n't it?" said one.

"What was it?"

"Why, they got a pet daw up there. They've been missin' things for a long while and didn't know where they went to. Mrs. Ashurst saw the daw fly into a winder, light on a bureau, pick up a tortoise shell comb and fly away with it to the cote. Ashurst he climbed the post on which the cote sets and pulled out a hull lot o' things. Among others was a ring that disappeared some time ago."

Joel waited to hear no more. He staggered out of the store and walked as fast as his legs would carry him to the Ashurst farm. Mrs. Ashurst saw him coming and inferred his errand. She met him in the doorway.

"Where's Mary?" he asked.

"Away. She hasn't come home yet."

"When will she come?"

"Don't know."

"Will you give me her address?"

She wrote it on a bit of paper and handed it to him. As he took it Mrs. Ashurst noticed his hand trembled.

Joel wrote a penitent letter. Inclined to extremes, he had as little hope of forgiveness as he had had doubt that there was something underhanded going on. He calculated exactly by what mail he would receive a reply and was at the postoffice with a wildly beating heart to receive it. He was doomed to disappointment. No reply came.

It was now reaping time, and he went to work cutting the wheat. Suddenly he saw Molly coming from the house and making straight toward him, just as she had done the day she lost her ring. He got down from his seat and hastened through the grain to meet her. She suffered him to take her in his arms. The episode was over.

ASHAMED OF HER FACE

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Pickard of North Carolina. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema and that was three years ago."

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A. L. Wilson, Sparta, Ill.
Mr. Wilson was for a number of years cashier of the First National Bank of Sparta.

Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills

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MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

There are people in this town who unthinkingly neglect a "mere cold" though they would not otherwise expose their children or themselves to danger. Yet a cold neglected may develope into contagious diphtheria, bronchitis, or pneumonia. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound promptly for it stops coughs quickly and cures colds. It contains no opates and is safe for children. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

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Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, Y.

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The Postmaster of Barnegat, N. J., R. G. Collins, had a severe lagrippe cough that was very exhausting, and says: "Half a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cured that cough entirely. It can't be beat." Contains no opiates Safe for children. Sold by C. M. Parrish

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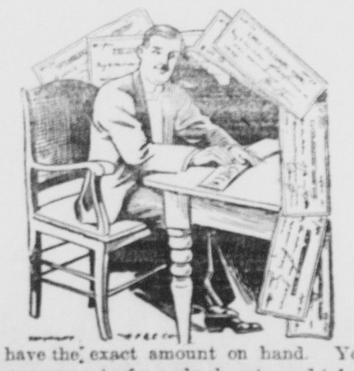

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It adds to the credit of any man to be able to write his check in settlement of an account, payment of a debt or for the purchase of anything, no matter how small, and insures a receipt and record of the transaction that may save trouble later on.

The First National Bank,
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Dr. S. H. Anderson, the widely known specialist of Pittsburg, Pa., 440 Sixth Avenue, has thoroughly tested the action of Foley Kidney Pills and after eight months of the closest investigation, reports: "Foley Kidney Pills are the best I have ever used. They clear away the uric acid and albuminous sediment, allay the spasmodic action of the neck of the bladder, also the tenesmus, and in fact renovate the kidneys. I speak this way knowing the action of Foley Kidney Pills, as I have given them a good test." They cure backache, rheumatism, and all kidney and bladder ailments. Give them a trial. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

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for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 30, 1912

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WHERE ARE THE TROUT?

That there are fewer trout in the streams in this section of the State this year than there were last year is the unanimous opinion of fishermen. With the exception of the tame and tasteless male hatchery trout that were so freely and easily caught in the opening days of the season last year, most persons were impressed with the fact that there were fewer of the gamy trout than the year before. In the language of the old time fishermen, "fishing nowadays is nothing like it was ten and fifteen and twenty years ago." The question suggests itself: "Why is this the case?"

There was never a time when there were more fish laws than at present. We never had more fish wardens than now. The State and the federal government never distributed more trout than in recent years. And yet, most persons believe, basing their belief on personal experience and observation, that there are fewer brook trout in the waters than ever before.

It can hardly be said that illegal fishing, the use of nets, etc., is more prevalent than in olden days, for in years gone by there were fewer fish laws and fewer restrictions upon fishermen. There was no limit to the number to be caught in a single day, nor was there any iron-clad barrier placed upon the minimum size of the fish. It was largely a case of help yourself, and that is what pretty nearly everybody did, and when they were through there still seemed to be plenty of fish in the streams.

Under the present order of things we have modernly equipped and scientifically managed hatcheries, we have fish wardens galore, we have fish laws by the bushel—we have everything but the old-fashioned brook trout in sufficient numbers to make fishing worth while. It is entirely possible that the native brook trout are being exterminated by the California brown trout, which grow to monstrous size and which feed mainly upon smaller fish. It is also no doubt true that the practice employed for many years of distributing fry so small that but a trifling percentage lived and thrived really accomplished little toward actually stocking our streams. The new plan, more recently adopted, of distributing fingerlings, only, gives promise of stocking our streams with fish large enough to look out for themselves. At the same time, it is undeniably true that today the old-fashioned speckled brook trout is becoming more and more a rarity in streams hereabouts.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitution disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing the work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Right and Left Handed.

A college professor has figured it out that if you are left handed it is a sign that your ancestors were not good fighters, says the Kansas City Journal.

"Most persons are right handed," says he. "Only one in every twenty is left handed. Why are people right handed? They may have been born that way, it is true, but why?

"Away back in the beginning the chief occupation of man was fighting. In battle he carried a shield in one hand and a weapon in the other. It was not much work to carry the shield, but the quick action required by the hand and arm which did the fighting soon developed that arm. It also developed the nerves and the half of the brain that governed the right side of the body. Those who shielded their left side, thus protecting the heart, were the ones who usually came out victorious. Down through the ages this selection continued, the right hand gradually becoming more proficient."

Barbers In the Orient.

In the east the barber plays a very important part in the social system. The shaving of the head is still practised among Mohammedans, just as it was by the Israelites in the days of long ago.

The first time a boy's head is shaved, usually at the age of three or four, the operation becomes quite a ceremony. Prayers from the Koran are chanted and a goat is ceremoniously slain, which seems to be rather unfortunate, from the goat's point of view. The barber of the east wears a long, smock-like garment, and round his waist he fastens a towel. Depending from waist to feet is the razor strop. When the shaving of a customer is completed, the barber, with a bow, presents him with a hand glass. No Moslem, however, will look into a glass without first invoking the name of the prophet, for fear he might look on his own features with undue admiration. As he returns the glass to the barber the piece of money in payment is placed upon it.

The Gaelic Alphabet.

Men familiar with the Gaelic tongue tell us that the alphabet of that ancient language is the most curious of all alphabets in that nearly every letter is represented by a tree. The alphabet of today comprises eighteen letters. Ancient Gaelic had seventeen. Now, as of old, all the letters with the exception of g, t and u, which stand for ivy, furze and heather, are called after trees.

The Gaelic a b c now runs: Ailm, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, huath, iogh, luis, muin, nuin, oiv, peith, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is equivalent to saying: Elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitethorn, lew, rowan or quicken, vine, ash, spindletree, pine, elder, willow, furze, heath. In the ancient Gaelic alphabet the letter h (the huath, or whitethorn) does not exist. The alphabet is called the beth-luis-nuin because b l n and not a b c are its first three letters.—New York Press.

Information Wanted.

A wandering peddler stopped at a southern cabin and opened his pack.

"Mammy, let me show you some self raising umbrellas," he began.

"No use, man, no use," interrupted the old colored woman as she busied herself about a boiler of clothes. "Cayn't use nothin' lak dat."

"How about self raising window shades?"

"No good heah, kase dey ain't any windows wuff talkin' about."

"Self raising buckwheat?"

"No good to me—we eat cohn pone. But, mister"—

"Well, mammy?"

"If you'll tell me how to tuhn dese heah fohteen bad chillun into self raisin' pickaninnies, Ah'll be yo' frien' foh life, dat Ah will, sah."—Everybody's.

England's Silent Sentinels.

Around the British isles there are now more than 800 lighthouses, silent sentinels of the sea keeping watch and guard over ships that pass in the night. In the beginning of last century, or, rather, a hundred years ago, there were only twenty-five, and illumination was inferior. Now some of these have a brilliancy equal to 30,000,000 candle power, visible for a hundred miles under the proper conditions.

Force of Habit.

Employer—Haven't you got anything else to do besides calling up girls on the phone all day long? Employee—Well, you see, I was formerly a street car conductor. Employer—What has that to do with it? Employee—I got into the habit of ringing up the fair.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Strenuous Times Since.

Pa—Now, don't ask me any more questions. I don't see why your history lessons should bother you so. They didn't bother me when I was a boy. Willie—Well, there wasn't so much history made when you was a boy.—Exchange.

His Forte.

"What business would you suggest for my son? He is a young fellow of considerable address."

"Then I suggest he get a job on the city directory."—Exchange.

Reasonably Qualified.

"Is she really an expert stenographer?"

"Well, no. But she's as expert as you expect a girl of her beauty to be."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In every parting there is an image of death.—George Eliot.

How to Keep Roses Fresh.

Proper care of cut flowers will double their lease of life. Even hothouse roses, usually the shortest lived of blossoms, can be made to retain their beauty and fragrance for two weeks if one will take the trouble to boil the stems. To do this set a pan of hot water on the stove and when the water begins to boil place the stems of the flowers in the water to the depth of one inch. Hold the flowers carefully to prevent their touching the sides or bottom of the pan. Allow them to boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Remove the flowers and clip off the portions of the stems that were in the water. They are then ready to be arranged in the vase or bowl. Many persons have poor success in keeping cut flowers because they do not put fresh water into flower vases every day. The stems of the flowers should be clipped every day to enable them to take up more water. Never leave cut flowers in a warm room overnight. Set them in a cool place.—Kansas Industrialist.

Mecca's Polluted Well.

A scientific analysis has been made of the Zem-Zem water from the sacred well at Mecca, which, according to the Arabs, is the well that the angel showed to Hagar and whose water saved the life of Ishmael. After reading the results of the analysis one cannot wonder that pilgrims who drink the water frequently are attacked by cholera. The specimen examined contained sixty-nine grains of chlorine to the gallon. Water which contains so little as nine grains of chlorine to the gallon is ordinarily regarded as scarcely fit for human consumption. Moreover, in the case of the Zem-Zem well it is believed the chlorine originates from the custom of pouring the water over the pilgrims and allowing it to run back into the well. The sacred water was found to possess an extraordinary degree of "hardness," three times as great as that of average water. It also held twenty times as much ammonia compounds as drinking water should contain.

A Touch of Human Nature.

The doors which open from the sidewalk into the lobby of a big building are heavy ones and are very hard to open. Yesterday a little hunchback stepped out of an elevator on the first floor, followed by a great big man. The hunchback reached the doors first and threw himself against one. Although he pushed with all his might, he couldn't open it. Chagrined, he stepped back, and the big man stepped up. Noticing the look of humiliation on the face of the little fellow, the big man said:

"I've got a sore wrist. Come on; let's see if we both can't open it."

The hunchback and the big man both pushed on the door, and of course it opened. The two went out smiling.

The big man had no sore wrist at all. Two or three people looking on felt like cheering for him.—New York Telegraph.

How to Walk.

There is no virtue in a dawdling saunter. The slow and languid dragging of one foot after the other which some people call walking would tire an athlete. It utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is the reason why many delicate persons think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins.

Domestic Strategy.

"I suppose you try to make your home so attractive to your husband that he will wish to spend all his spare moments in it."

"Yes. I keep matches and cigars where he may always find them handy; there isn't a tidy or a sofa pillow or anything of that kind in his room, and I allow him to have portraits of his father and mother hung in places that are just as good as those which are devoted to the pictures of my own parents."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sterling Merit.

"I bought my wife a fine arrangement for long motor rides."

"What is it?"

"A sort of trap to wear over the mouth called a dust protector."

"Does it work?"

"I don't know about the dust part of it, but it keeps her from talking!"

No Need.

Priscilla—Jack is the oddest fellow! He took me driving yesterday, and when we were seven miles from home he said if I wouldn't promise to marry him he'd make me get out and walk back. Penelope—Did you walk back? Priscilla—No, indeed, but the horse did!—London Telegraph.

Two Factors.

Willis—I've got to cut out this high life while my wife is away. Gillis—What's the trouble now? Willis—The pace and the neighbors are beginning to tell.—Puck.

An Extremist.

Hicks—Mathers is one of those simplified spelling cranks, isn't he? Wicks—I should say so! He spells wife "jf."—Boston Transcript.

Household Talk.

Husband—A fool and his money are soon parted. Wife—I haven't noticed any of the fool about you for some time.—Judge.

Humility is the virtue all preach, none practices and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

Correspondence.

Mt. Eagle.

Saturday was pay-day at the handle factory.

Miss Ida Thomas was a shopper in Bellefonte on Friday evening.

William Gates and Lloyd Reeder were in Howard on business on Saturday.

Miss Stella Barger, of Curtin, visited the home of William Bitner on Saturday.

Justice Leathers was a Bellefonte visitor on business on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Austin Reeder and daughter were passengers to Curtin on Sunday evening.

J. F. Deitz was a business visitor to Bellefonte between trains on Thursday evening.

Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard, spent Sunday here as the guest of Miss Pearl Gates.

Mrs. David Garthoof, of Lock Haven tarried here over Sunday with her sister, Miss Ella Leathers.

Miss Gettig, of Nittany valley, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Hay Daughenbaugh.

The stockholders of the Bald Eagle Stock Farm held their monthly meeting at the farm last Saturday.

Hays Daughenbaugh, who is working on a bark job at Beech Creek, was home with his family over Sunday.

Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh was down in Beech Creek on Thursday with her mother to see Dr. Tibbens.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leathers took supper with their son a few evenings ago, their real mission being to see the new grand-son.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant and Miss Ella Leathers were up in the Eagle cemetery on Wednesday fixing up their lots for Memorial Day.

Mrs. Albert Aikey, after a delightful visit of several weeks here with her parents, returned to her home at Bellwood on Sunday evening.

On Wednesday morning of last week the stork visited at the home of Justice Leathers and left behind a nice little boy baby. Both mother and little one are getting along nicely at this writing.

Last Saturday evening Miss Gertrude Leathers entertained a number of friends at the home of her mother, a number of girls from Howard being present. Her guests included Charlotte Kurtz, Vonda Johnston, Anna Belle Leech, Julia Daughenbaugh and Bertha Bitner.

Fiedler.

Charlie Wolf and Howard Miller spent a few days visiting with friends in Boalsburg.

Anthony Wance, of Zion, visited over Sunday with his parents at the William Vonada home.

Miss Edith Breon and friend, Roy Gentzel, of near Centre Hall, spent Sunday at Penn's cave.

Miss Stella Martin, of near Aaronsburg, visited for a few days at the home of her uncle, Frank Lose.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Burrell, of Penn township, spent Sunday very pleasantly at the George Shoop home.

Corn and potatoes being all planted now, our farmers are baling and hauling surplus hay to Coburn, at $23.50 per ton.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. O. Fiedler and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fiedler start today (Thursday) for a month's visit among their many relatives and friends in Scotland and other places in South Dakota.

Emanuel Wetzel recently sold his fine farm to the present tenant, Elmer Boob, for $6000. He recently bought the Andrew Harter home in Millheim, nearby the Lutheran church, and expects to occupy the same in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Rinehard and two sons, also Harry Smith, Mrs. Fred Limbert and son and Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, all of Altoona, have returned to their respective homes after a visit with friends. They were here to attend the funeral of the late C. L. Rinehard, who was buried on Tuesday at St. Paul's.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wance, of Aaronsburg, are at present staying with their daughter, Mrs. William Vonada. Mrs. Wance has been critically ill for some time. Mr. Wance, who is a Civil war veteran, is not so rugged as in his younger days. The many friends of this splendid old couple sincerely hope that they will soon be restored to their usual good health.

Lemont

Miss Helen Dreese is visiting in Sunbury.

Miss Margaret Coble dined with Miss Minnie Grove on Sunday.

John I. Thompsons were Altoona visitors over Sunday.

Irvin Dreese, Morris and Ephraim Klinger mobiled to Huntingdon on Sunday.

Quite a number of our town people attended the show in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Miss Cronemiller, of Scotia, is visiting her cousin, Miss Ruth Cronemilier, this week.

Floyd Palmer, Harvey Shuey and William Fogleman made a flying trip to Pittsburg on Sunday.

I. J. Dreese is making quite a nice improvement on his home by having his house treated to a coat of paint.

Our band boys are falling into line and expect to give us some music on Memorial Day. They will play at Houserville and also at the Branch.

We are sorry to note that Mrs. E. C. Ross, who underwent an operation in the Bellefonte hospital, is improving but very little at this writing.

Many of the P. R. R. Co's. agents on lines both east and west passed through here Tuesday on their way to State College.

Misses Mary Shuey, Pearl Wirts, Daisy Keller, Minnie Grove and Mary Rishel attended the annual Sunday school convention at Pine Hall last week.

Rev. S. A. Snyder, the United Evangelical minister at this place, preached the memorial sermon to the old soldiers of our vicinity on Sunday last.

The Buccaneers.

Originally buccaneers were peaceful English, French and Dutch settlers in the Spanish West Indies, and they received their name on account of their custom of drying their meat, in the Indian fashion, on a buccan, or hurdle. The Spaniards resented strongly the intrusion of these foreigners and made many attempts to oust them, but the buccaneers were a hardy set of men and crack shots with the musket, so they successfully resisted all the Spaniards' attacks and obstinately remained in the islands. What it was that caused the buccaneers to abandon their comparatively peaceful mode of living and take to piracy it is hard to say. Possibly the constant harrying to which they were subjected by the Spaniards prompted them to retaliate; but, whatever the reason, their depredations soon rendered the passage of the Caribbean sea an undertaking of extreme danger to merchantmen, and the word buccaneer has come down as a synonym for robbery, murder and all the vices.

Goethe's Birthday.

In August, 1818, Goethe went to Carlsbad for the cure and placed himself under the care of Dr. Rehbein. One morning when he rose he requested Charles, his domestic, to place a bottle of red wine and a glass in each of the two windows in the room.

Then the poet walked round and round the apartment, stopping at each window to drink a glass of wine. When he had nearly emptied the bottles the doctor arrived. "Ah," said Goethe, "you are come. Do you know it is my birthday?" "No," said the doctor, "it is not your birthday. It falls tomorrow."

Only the production of the almanac could convince Goethe that he was a day out in his reckoning. When he discovered his mistake he gave vent to a strong expression and, after a long pause, turning to the doctor, said, "Then I have got drunk for nothing."

Such Is Fame.

At the time when Napoleon was the most prominent figure in Europe one man at least was little impressed with his greatness. The conqueror's name actually slipped his mind, so slightly did his career concern the world that for the artist centered in his studio.

Edgar Quinet related that when he went to Germany he visited the old sculptor, Dannecker.

"We talked," he says, "of art, and the sculptor was eloquent over his theories. Suddenly, wishing to fix a date, he stopped, reflected and finally said:

"'I think it was in the time of that man—what is his name? You know the man—the one who has won so many battles. I've forgotten his name. You must know it.'

"'Are you speaking of Napoleon?' I asked.

"'Yes, yes. That is it,' cried the artist and went on with his interrupted statement without giving the incident a second thought."

Penny-A-Word Column.

WASHING AT HOME—Mrs. Fannie Pendelton, Penn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Curtin Street; eleven rooms; all modern conveniences. Inquire of A. L. ORBISON. 3-28-tf.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Good rubber-tire top buggy; in first class condition; is almost new. Inquire of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Nice ten room house; about two acres; good small orchard; one-fourth mile from Howard. Address C. M. MUFFLY, Howard, Pa.

LOST—Gold locket and chain; locket bears initials "E. L. M." Finder will be rewarded by returning same to W. S. Mallalieu, Bell Telephone Company.

FOUND—A bunch of keys tied by a narrow strap was found on Howard Street. Owner may recover same by calling at this office, identifying property and paying for this notice.

BABY CHICKS—Baby chicks for sale; single comb White Leghorn; $8.50 per hundred, of pure bred, healthy, free range parent stock. Inquire of J. Fred Best, Hublersburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Six good horses, range in weight from 1100 to 1400; good for all purposes; farm or team. Inquire of F. H. Clemson, Bell Telephone, Stormstown, Pa. Or D. B. Mattern Commercial Phone, Stormstown, Pa.

WANTED—A person in every community to take orders for "The Sinking of the Titanic and Great Sea Disasters." Liberal commission. Agents making from $5 to $10 per day. Don't delay. Be first in the field, and you will reap the rich reward. Write today. Address Box 27, Spring Mills, Pa., Centre Co. Both 'Phones, Bell 29-2, Commercial2-3E.

HOUSE FOR RENT—The Colonel Austin Curtin house, at the Curtin rolling mill, will be rented by the month or year to desirable tenant. Contains eleven rooms. Is in first-class condition. Elegant water. Handy to good fishing and splendid boating. An ideal proposition for family desiring to rent a country home for the summer, or longer. Property and surroundings should be inspected, to be fully appreciated. For terms and other information inquire of or address H. Laird Curtin, Curtin, Pa.

Old hats made new in three minutes by Elkay's Straw Hat Cleaner—sold only at Green's.

EXHIBIT CONVICTS' WORK

Warden Francies Shows Public Articles Made in Penitentiary.

The Pittsburg "Gazette Times" on Monday published the following:

Rare pieces of furniture, unique in design, and 1,000 other articles, showing the skill of prisoners of the Western Penitentiary, and old relics telling the history of that institution are being exhibited this week in the Duquesne Hotel Building, first floor, Smithfield street and Oliver avenue. It is one of the features of the Knights Templar conclave.

The exhibition, Warden John Francies and prison directors think, will instruct the public what is being done by state prisoners. Warden Francies has adopted a new policy—that of permitting prisoners to work. The law prohibits the sale of prison manfactured goods, except socks, matts and matting, which are manufactured by looms operated by foot power. This is a monotonous task and sometimes makes prisoners insane. The warden, however, has permitted the men to make pieces of furniture and small articles and they will help construct the new prison near Bellefonte.

All the articles exhibited were made by the prisoners during their leisure hours. There is a set of office furniture made by a convict 21 years old. It will furnish the warden's office at the new penitentiary. It is of white oak, hand carved. It includes a swiveled chair, two desk trays and a paper receiver. There will also be many chairs, hand carved and upholstered.

One table, of 85,000 pieces, is of nearly every variety of wood, the different grains, and colors being made to blend artistically. It was made by a "life man." The table has nearly 1,000 inlaid designs, many of them being Masonic and Knights Templar insignias.

The women prisoners have contributed laces and gowns, some of the laces being real irish point. All the goods used by prisoners are made by them, and samples of the wearing apparel, including socks, shoes, clothing, mattresses, etc., will be shown.

Old prison relics, arranged so they tell the history of the institution, will be interesting. An old copper kettle and the original big lock used in 1817 in the old prison, which was located in West Park, Allegheny, and other antiques will be shown. An old cell door, of oak, used in the old prison, and in which is a small hole through which prisoners used to wig-wag a wire with a piece of red cloth attached to attract the attention of the keeper, will be another exhibit. There also will be old pieces of furniture.

The old and cruel methods of punishing prisoners will make the tender-hearted shutter. There is 96-pound ball and shackles for the legs, 14-pound handirons and an instrument, resembling a stove lifter, which was used to extract teeth.

More mats and mattings are manufactured in the Western Penitentiary than in any other place in the world. A complete exhibit of these goods will be shown.

Warden Francies has found that prisoners allowed in work to follow their artistic bents, make better men. The efforts of some of the convicts, who spend months making a chair or table is pathetic. The work, though, braces them up and makes them feel that life is really worth while.

When the new penitentiary is established and all the men, or a large per cent of them, are employed tilling the ground the warden thinks he will have an ideal prison.

The directors are: Col. Rook, president; William Price, W. E. Sankey, T. B. Foley and George E. McCague.

For a Sane Fourth.

Arrangements are being perfected for a "safe and sane" Fourth of July in Bellefonte. The following committees have been named to arrange for the day:

Decorating—Mrs. D. H. Hastings, Miss Eva Crissman, Mrs. John Lane, Mrs. J. L. Montgomery.

Refreshments—Mrs. Russell Blair, Mrs. Harry Fenlon, Mrs. Charles Mensch, Miss Lucy Potter.

Finance—G. R. Spigelmyer, John Sourbeck, James Potter, George R. Meek.

Music—John Bullock, J. D. Hunter, Henry Dickison, Miss Bradley.

Platform—Prof. Jonas E. Wagner, Henry Lowry, P. D. Sheffer, Edward Gehret.

Boys Drill—J. Russel Blair.

Band—Henry Dickison.

Drum Corps—J. R. Blair, J. R. Hughes.

Automobile Ride—R. F. Hunter, Robert S. Walker, Dr. DeLaune Stewart.

Work-Horse Parade—Tom Beaver.

Floats—John Walker, Frank Crawford, Will Conley.

Girls Drill—Mrs. Russel Blair, Miss Bradley, Miss Overton, Dr. E. H. Schad, Miss Sallie Fitzgerald, Mrs. C. W. Winey.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.18
Butter, per pound	.18
Potatoes	1.15

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	1.05
Wheat, red	1.10
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.80
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.80
Oats, (per bu.)	.60
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.55

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mrs. W. P. Lucas was a week end visitor in Bellefonte.

Miss Hilda Wagner visited in Lock Haven last Saturday.

Samuel Ailey transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Chester Moore spent a few days of the week end with his parents.

Samuel Schenck, of Clearfield, visited his brothers here this week.

H. C. McDowell was a business visitor to the county seat on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wagner were visitors in Lock Haven Thursday.

Grant Hoover, of Williamsport, was a business visitor in town on Friday.

Max Worthington, of Muncy, was a week end visitor with friends in town.

W. H. Brown, of Bellefonte, was a business visitor in town on Thursday.

Paul Heverly, of State College, was a visitor with Howard friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leathers returned from State College after a few days visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullock of Julian visited their son Ed. Bullock in this place over Sunday.

J. O. Kline, of Johnsonburg, is again assisting Saddler T. A. Pletcher through a busy season.

James Barger, who is employed in Reading, is home while the mills are shut down for repairs.

Mrs. C. H. Keister, of Johnsonburg, was called to Howard last week by the illness of her mother Mrs. Bouse.

Roy Decker visited several of his college friends at State College on Saturday and witnessed part of the State and F. & M. ball game.

Mrs. Parker Thompson returned home from the Lock Haven hospital on Saturday, her condition being very gratifying to her friends.

Mrs. Caroline Evans and two children and Mrs. Sherman Holter and son, of Jenkins, Kentucky, are at present visiting their parents.

W. R. Schenck and wife, of Liberty township, were Sunday guests of their daughter Blanche and also attended the memorial services.

Our farmers took every advantage of the fair weather last week and hustled along their spring work. Growing crops are in excellent condition.

Miss Eva Neff was the guest of her friend Miss Martha Pletcher, at Bellwood, this week incident to Miss Pletcher's graduation from the Bellwood high school.

Piles of limestone and sand at the B. F. Holter home, S. H. Pletcher, Samuel Kline and Mrs. Lizzie Lucas, on Main Street, indicate that concrete walks are contemplated soon.

Wm. Weber, Wm. Hensyl and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kurtz boarded the special train here on Monday and left for the Knights Templar Conclave which is bein held this week in Pittsburg.

John Weber, son Walter and daughter Lauretta left on Monday night for Philadelphia where they will attend the graduat ng exercises of Bradds' Conservatory of Music from which Mr. Weber's daughter Nellie graduates.

The annual memorial sermon to Grove Brothers Post No. 262 in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon by Rev. W. H. Patterson was a masterly discourse and was heard by a large and appreciative audience.

Miss Helen Weber and Walter Holter delegates from the Reformed and Methodist Sunday schools respectively, represented their schools at the convention at Pine Hall Thursday and Friday of last week.

Drovers last week purchased from the farmers hereabouts two car loads of beef cattle and milch cows and shipped the same to Franklinville, Pa. Some fancy prices were paid to the owners and a large amount of money was realized in the community by the 54 head which the cars contained.

The correspondent does not know if the town is getting unusually quiet or whether there are not so many houn' dawgs running about as was at one time the case. But imagine our surprise when we saw a rabbit playing about on Main Street last Thursday. Bunnie came out of the garden of Squire J. L. Holter, hopped across the street and disappeared in the alley between the Butler and Leathers homes. A few days previous a pine squirrel was noticed running along Mr. Holter's fence and sporting about unawares of the neighboring cats and dogs.

One of our public spirited citizens who has always deplored the loss of the canning factory by fire several years ago is W. H. Thompson. A rumor was current last week that Mr. Thompson, who purchased the lot on which the factory was located, had offered to donate it for the erection of a similar plant. An interview with Mr. Thompson not only revealed the fact that he had offered the lot but that he had actually conversed with parties interested in that business and was doing all he could to have them locate there. The new company would not be co-operative as heretofore, and all that would be asked of our people would be the raising of produce for the factory. It is hoped that Mr. Thompson may be successful in landing this industry or any other that will accept his offer of the large building lot on which to erect their plant. It is also understood that the owners of the mattress factory buildings are seeking to locate an industry in their vacant buildings.

When Your Feet Ache.

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or Tight Fitting Shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mrs. John Reed is among the sick this week.

The Pain King is circulating in this section this week.

Ralph Miller visited his parents at Vail over Sunday.

George B. Hall was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Monday.

Mrs. J. G. Hess is ill from rheumatism that has affected her walking.

Milo M. Campbell was doing jury duty in court at Bellefonte this week.

There is a wedding on the slate, so keep a lookout for the license list.

N. C. Yarnell and wife were Sunday visitors at the Frank Swabb home, nearby town.

J. A. and J. Homer Decker are down at Oakland, Maryland, attending to a coal deal.

Howard Wright, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at the home of his mother, on Water Street.

W. S. Bailey and Herman Thompson spent Friday night with that prince of good fellows, Will Tate, near Centre Hall

Mrs. Frank Gardner and sister, Miss Belle Goheen, are back at the old place at Rock Springs to spend the summer months.

The venerable Thomes Kustenbarder, who has been confined to his bed for the past six weeks, is improving and is able to sit up in an easy chair.

Ralph Meek and sister, Lillian, of Sinking Valley, were visitors at the J. Clayt Struble home Sunday and also to see their grandmother, Mrs. Fye.

Henry Fye, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with his mother, who is suffering from a partial paralytic stroke, and owing to her advanced years is recovering very slowly.

There was a kind of home-coming at the Frank Bowersox home last Sunday, a number of the children and grandchildren showing up to gladden the hearts of the old couple.

Miss Mary Woods spent several days in Bellefonte during the early part of the week, being accompanied by Mrs. Walter Woods, who is making her summer visit at the hospitable home of Dr. Woods, on Main Street.

Rev. Mr. Ibaugh, of Pittsburg, is a candidate for Rev. Mr. Shultz's resigned old charge and will preach this coming Sunday at Gatesburg, at 10 a. m.; at Pine Hall, at 2 p. m., and at Pine Grove Mills, at 7.30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dreese, of Adamsburg, enjoyed a drive over old Tussey mountain on Friday, visiting the Howard Goss home on the Branch. Mrs. Dreese was formerly Mrs. Henry Koch. Father Time has treated her fair features kindly.

Among those from a distance who attended the Mrs. G. W. McWilliams funeral on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Weiland, D. F. Kapp, C. H. Foster, D. G. Meek and wife, Dr. Barr, Mrs. M. J. Thompson, Emma Hess, Sadie Shaffer, J. M. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weaver, John Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gilliford.

C. M. Fry and wife, of Altoona, are here to spend Memorial Day.

W. K. Corls are receiving cougratulations on the birth yesterday of a 10-pound boy.

Newton Hess has purchased a dandy new Catlin automobile. The last seen of Newton he was going down the pike and trailing his auto with old Jack.

Mrs. McCabe, of Lewisburg, who has been visiting with her aunt, Mrs. Cal. Patterson, at State College, dropped dead yesterday at the home of her cousin, Prof. I. M. Foster. She was 65 years old.

A memorial sermon was preached in the Bethel church last Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, to the G. A. R., and a full house greeted Rev. S. C. Stover, who held his hearers spellbound for forty minutes. His text was: "There was war in Heaven." As the fruits of war 40,000 fresh graves of Civil war veterans will be decorated today (May 30th.) He vividly portrayed war and its destruction at a cost of two and a half millions a day and a loss of over one million lives. The edifice was beautifully decorated with the national colors and banks of flowers. Mr. Stover's closing theme was "Peace," and expressed hope for the time when there shall be no war, when swords shall be beaten into pruning hooks and spears into plowshares.

Funeral services were held on Saturday morning, last, at 10 o'clock for the late Mrs. George W. McWilliams, whose tragic death early Thursday morning shocked her host of friends in this community. Revs. S. C. Stover, Mr. Black and Mr. Campbell officiated. As has been explained, Mrs. McWilliams was fatally burned while boiling soap on the previous day. A sudden gust of wind swept the flames onto her clothing and before she could help herself her body was terribly burned. Some soap fat which she was carrying at the moment also caught fire and this aggravated her condition. By the time medical aid could be summoned she was beyond help and passed away about 6 o'clock the morning following the accident. The funeral services were largely attended, her sudden death having awakened the profound sympathy of everybody who knew her. A devout christian woman, her's was a life of which all could well be proud. She was a good wife and a kind, loving mother, and her memory will long be cherished. Deceased was born August 7, 1839, being a daughter of Peter and Sarah Long Keichline. On February 22, 1862, she was married to George W. McWilliams, who survives with these children: Mrs. Newton Hess, of the Branch; Mrs. Edward Bowersox, of Altoona; Mrs. Newton Dreibelbis, of Pine Grove Mills; George W. McWilliams, of Harrisburg; John, of Fairbrook, and Henry, at home. Surviving also are these sisters and brothers: Mrs. Sarah Gardner, of Altoona; Mrs. William H. Goss, of Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. Maggie Meek, of Altoona, and John M. and Peter Keichline, of Bellefonte.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Nittany Light, Heat & Power Company will be held at the office of the Company in the Borough of State College, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on June 10th, 1912, at 4 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing directors and any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

Spring Medicine

Do you have that tired feeling? Do you feel languid and weak? Do you need something to purify your blood and strengt'en you?—If so try our

Conci Extract of Sarsaparilla

It is not a patent medicine, but a skillful combination of the best blood purifier known—We have sold it for more than 25 years with satisfaction to our customers—Costs you only 1 cent a dose—It is sold only at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Blanchard.

Mrs. Milton McDowell, and family of State College, were over-Sunday visitors with her mother, Mrs. Susan Snyder.

Miss Cora Snyder paid a flying visit to Blanchard Thursday, on business.

Daniel Kunes, and little daughter, of Jersey Shore, visited with his mother a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Burlieu and Mrs. Laura Bechdel attended the funeral of Roy Leathers at Howard on Monday.

Mrs. Christ Page and infant son are visiting at her father-in-law's for a short time.

Will Spangler and wife, of Tyrone attended the Baptist festival Saturday evening.

Mrs. C. A. Williams and daughter, Mabel, were Lock Haven shoppers Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Clark, the new Baptist minister, delivered a very fine sermon on Sunday morning, and returned to Milesburg in the afternoon, where he will preach the memorial sermon Sunday evening.

Frank Wetzler, of Milesburg autoed to Blanchard on Sunday.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

Fish Club Building Dam.

The Snow Shoe Fish Protective Association is engaged in building a fine fish dam at Snow Snoe, and as such enterprises cost considerable money and energy the members of the club will greatly appreciate financial assistance at this time. W. C. Snyder is president of the club, and H. W. Rabert is secretary. Membership fee is $1 and all persons willing to help the club along may do so by mailing $1, or more, to either of the officers. In this manner the purposes of the club will be advanced, and at the same time contributors will be eligible to share in the privileges. The men at the head of the project are substantial business men in Snow Shoe and contributions may be entrusted with them with the certainty that the money will be properly used.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Nittany Real Estate Company will be held at the office of the Company in the Borough of State College, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on June 10, 1912, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing directors and any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

FIRST IN BENEFITS TO POLICYHOLDERS

Maximum Dividends

Minimum Net Cost

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PAID POLICYHOLDERS IN 1911
$57,353,756.13

APPORTIONED FOR DIVIDENDS IN 1912
$15,146,685.72

Assets Jan. 1, 1912		**$587,130,263.05**
Legal Liabilities	**$500,217,774.64**	
Reserve for Deferred Dividends & Contingencies	**86,912,488.41**	
		$587,130,263.05

AGENTS WANTED---Liberal contracts given to men who will devote all or part of their time writing life insurance. Assistance given in closing cases.

JOHN HUGHES BLACKMAN, Manager,
J. C. HUGHES, Assistant Manager.
Mears Building, Scranton, Pa.

W. L. MALIN, District Manager,
Bellefonte, Pa.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Home Office, 34 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

Bought In London

A Story of "Retributive Justice"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Although we composed the law firm of Harley & Rogers in the Spindle building, my partner, Jack Rogers, and I had so successfully solved a number of little mysteries that we were often consulted on matters that really belonged to the sphere of the detective.

I suppose that is how it happened that one fine April morning our office door opened to admit a tall, lank, dark man of past middle age, who gazed inquiringly at us from melancholy black eyes.

"Harley & Rogers?" he inquired politely.

My partner arose and offered him a chair. "This is Mr. Harley," he introduced me, with a flourish of his arm, "and I'm Rogers."

"I presume it will be necessary to consult both of you," began the stranger, producing a card which bore the name of Mr. Melancthon Thorne, known to us by reputation as a rich man and an eccentric one.

"Well, what can we do for you, Mr. Thorne?" I asked briskly, for it was our custom always to appear to be heels over head in business when as a matter of fact we had not as yet an extensive clientele of the right sort—the litigant sort, I should say.

"I have heard of your success in unraveling a number of mysteries, and I have called upon you for similar services."

"Yes?" Jack's tone was alert, and I was agog with interest. We dearly loved our adventures in "sleuthing."

"I have suffered a loss." Mr. Thorne frowned heavily, and I could have sworn a tear came into his bard eye. "It is murder, downright murder!"

We gasped. This was something new.

"Hum!" said Jack in a businesslike tone. "Give us the particulars, please."

"Well, when I arose this morning he was dead on the floor," declared Mr Thorne.

"Who was dead?" we asked in unison, and I furtively reached for the morning paper on Jack's desk.

"Ulysses was stone dead on the rug in the library. He sleeps there most of the time. He has the asthma, and it is a warm spot."

"Ah. Ulysses is—er—your butler?" ventured Jack.

Mr. Thorne stared savagely at my partner. "Butler? Good heavens, no, man! He is my dog."

A tear dimmed the other hard black eye of our new client.

"You suspect some one of killing your dog? Have you an enemy—had your dog an enemy?"

"I suppose I have enemies—most rich men have them—but poor Ulysses could not have had one. I've owned him for years. He was a pug, a thoroughbred and a blue ribbon winner in his younger days. He was always of a [illegible] disposition and greatly beloved [illegible] my servants. Indeed, I had a [illegible] who felt quite honored when [illegible]ses once bit him playfully on the calf of his leg."

Jack's hand hid the smile on his face. "I suppose Hawkins felt no ill effects from the playful bite?" he asked.

Mr. Thorne shrugged a careless shoulder. "I believe he suffered from a slight limp after that, but he always said he didn't mind as long as Ulysses didn't mean any harm. In fact, I am positive the fellow didn't hold malice, for often after that I have come upon him standing in close proximity to Ulysses and looking at him fixedly—kindly, I should say."

"No doubt," murmured Jack hastily "Is Hawkins with you now?"

"No; he has retired to a small farm outside the city. He has a family of grown up sons and daughters."

"You say you found the dog dead—you are positive he did not die from natural causes?"

"I called in a physician. He pronounced it a case of arsenic poisoning."

"Have you any idea who might have done this thing?" queried Jack.

"No. The servants in the house are above suspicion."

"Suppose we walk around to the scene of the—er—crime and look over the situation," suggested Jack, and I arose with alacrity to accompany them.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Thorne's electric car discharged us before the door of his dignified stone mansion. He led us directly to the library, where a pathetic sight met our eyes.

There, lying in state, was the deceased Ulysses.

A white fur rug had been laid on a table and upon it was the pug dog. Around his neck was a gold collar studded with turquoises.

Rogers and I took a survey of the room. It was a handsome apartment, the walls lined with bookcases and the desks and tables littered with books and pamphlets. In one corner was a typewriting machine.

"You have a private secretary?" asked Jack.

"I did have one, but he left me recently. I have been advertising for a young woman to take his place," responded Mr. Thorne, turning from a sad contemplation of his dead pet.

"You say you left Ulysses in excellent health when you retired last night, but that you found him dead this morning?" queried my partner.

"Yes, and, gentlemen, remember that I exonerate all my servants," he said solemnly.

"Did you have any visitors yesterday in this room?"

"Several young women came in response to my advertisement for a secretary."

"Ah! Did Ulysses appear to object to the presence of any of them?"

"No—er—I believe he was rather playful with one young woman. She had removed her glove to show me a sample of her writing when Ulysses snatched at it and hid it somewhere. I was mortified that it could not be found, but the young woman was very gracious about it and said it did not matter in the least."

"You have not recovered the glove?"

"No; I haven't thought of it since."

"Did you hire the young woman?"

"No; I didn't decide upon any of them. She impressed me favorably. She is employed in a law office at present, but is dissatisfied with the situation. She appeared bright enough, but she had a bit of a Cockney accent that might grate upon me if I was compelled to listen to it daily." Mr. Thorne polished his eyeglasses with fastidious care.

"She was English, then?"

"Yes."

While my partner was talking to Mr. Thorne I was quite busy looking for the dropped glove. I found it presently and examined it with interest.

Its color impressed me at once. It was rather an unusual color in a lady's glove. It was bright green kid, or, rather, had been bright green until the playful Ulysses had chewed it into a dull looking rag. There were traces of its original color in spots, and the glove appeared to have been new. The name of the maker was there—"Panwith, London."

"I believe I have a clew, Mr. Thorne," I said, stuffing the glove into my pocket. "I will return in fifteen minutes;" and without further explanation I left the house and repaired to the shop of a friend of mine, a chemist.

He made a test and assured me that the green glove I showed him contained a deadly poison in the dye.

"Would it kill a dog if he chewed it up?" I asked.

"So dead that he'd never yap again," assured Pills solemnly, and I hastened with this information to the Thorne house.

"As a matter of fact, then, my poor Ulysses committed suicide, for his own playfulness led to his death," lamented Mr. Thorne when I had concluded. "Some one should warn the young woman of the deadly nature of the glove she still retains. I wonder if an advertisement inserted in the paper would be effective? Unfortunately, I have forgotten her name and address."

"Leave it to us, Mr. Thorne," I said confidently. "We will trace the young woman and warn her; also we will write to the manufacturer of the gloves and tell him of this fatal accident."

"You are indeed clever," said Mr. Thorne amiably as he shook hands with us, "and you merit the reputation you have gained along these lines. Poor Ulysses will be interred at the dog cemetery tomorrow. If you gentlemen care to attend"—

"With pleasure!" we murmured in unison, and it was not until we were out of sight of the house that I realized what we had said.

"How are you going to make good on the girl with the green glove?" asked Jack when we had stopped laughing.

"I'll show you," I said proudly. "I have remembered seeing another glove of this particular hue. Watch me!"

Jack watched me closely as we returned to the office and I entered my private room. I could hear Miss Dawson tapping the type machine in her cubbyhole of a room beyond. I pressed the button that would summon her to our presence.

She came, a large, fat, pink and white golden haired girl, who quivered like a blanc mange whenever she moved.

"I have found your other green glove, Miss Dawson," I said without preface.

"Oh, Mr. Harley!!" she gasped, losing her pretty color. "You never did!"

"Yes. The pug dog at Mr. Thorne's snatched it from your hand yesterday and chewed it. It may interest you to know that the dog died from the effects of the feast. Are you related to the Hawkins who was formerly butler for Mr. Thorne?"

She nodded. "He's my grandfather, Mr. Harley."

"That's all, Miss Dawson—only there's a new pair of gloves coming to you; perhaps we better make it a dozen pairs."

Jack grinned appreciatively at me as she left the room smiling. "How did you ever bring her into the game?" he asked.

I lifted my waste paper basket and bade him look into it.

There on the pile of paper was an almost new bright green kid glove. Stamped on the lining the maker's name was plainly legible. "Panwith, London," it read.

"I noticed it there this morning, and the name must have stuck in my mind, because when I found the chewed glove there in the library I saw the name inside and found my first clew to our first murder mystery. Miss Dawson had thrown this odd glove away."

"Queer—queer as the devil, isn't it?" asked Jack.

"Yes, all of it. Think of the dog biting that old butler and laming him for life, and then the girl, his granddaughter, going there and by accident wearing these new gloves and the beast chewing one and dying. What do you call it?"

"Retributive justice!" declared my partner.

At Four O'Clock

Story of a Narrow Escape

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jaros Wostokow stared sullenly at young Maitland as the paymaster shoved his pay envelope through the little grated window.

"You dock me that day I lose?" he growled threateningly.

"It's the rule of the company, you know, Jaros," he said patiently. "If it's worth a day's pay to you to get drunk it's your own fault. Take my advice and leave the rum alone. Then you'll get full pay. Move along and give the other chaps a chance."

Jaros flung a backward glance of hate toward the paymaster and the cashier as he went out, and he saw something in that brief glance that caused a light to flicker into his dull gray eyes.

The men had all received their pay, and the paymaster and the cashier were alone. Maitland was gazing down at the girl with an unmistakable look in his eyes, and the girl, Miss Lane was blushing consciously.

Jaros Wostokow turned away satisfied. With something tangible to work upon he could have revenge upon the miserly paymaster. Alla, his golden haired daughter, could help him. She, too, hated Americans. If Dick Maitland loved Edith Lane, then it was through Miss Lane that disaster would come to him.

On the following Monday afternoon, just as Edith Lane had turned the corner of the street beyond the Fleck foundry, she was approached by a tearful young girl, who inquired the way to the nearest hospital dispensary.

"My mother—she is suddenly ill. She is dying just beyond here. I know not what to do!" she wailed in a voice with a foreign accent.

Edith looked at her quickly. She was young and pretty and evidently poor. The neighborhood was one inhabited by many of the foreigners who worked at the foundry.

"Take me to your mother," she said hastily. "Perhaps I can revive her while you run for a doctor. There must be a drug store near by. The druggist will direct you to a doctor."

* * * * * * * *

At 10 o'clock that same evening Dick Maitland received a telephone message from Edith's home.

"Have you seen Edith?" asked Mrs. Lane anxiously. "She hasn't been home since noon."

"Not since noon? Why, she left the office at 5 o'clock, as usual—said she was going out to play cards this evening. What can have happened?" Dick was anxious.

"I'll call up all of her girl friends and see if she has stopped anywhere, but it is unlike Edith to do anything like that. She is so thoughtful."

"Call me the instant you get a word from her," said Dick. "I'll wait here till you phone again."

He hung up the receiver and paced the floor with a worried frown creasing his forehead.

What had become of Edith Lane? Had she met with an accident on her way home and was lying dead or dying and quite unknown in one of the city hospitals? He would inquire of each one.

He leaped to the telephone again, for it was ringing madly. A girl's voice came to his ear, strained and rather frightened, but he forgot the tones in the words that came over the wire.

"Come, come to me. I am in great trouble, in danger—No. 8 Vroon street. Come at once. Help!"

It was Edith calling to him for help.

He dashed into his outer garment, paused to notify Mrs. Lane of the discovery and that he was on the way to Edith, and then he was down in the street jumping into a taxicab.

Vroon street was miles away, the driver told him, on the outskirts of the city, and it would take a half hour to get there at a fast clip.

"Get me there in twenty minutes and you'll not regret it!" snapped Dick, and the man earned the money.

Vroon street was a pit of blackness, lighted by a solitary lamp post halfway down its length. There was a dark bulk of frame tenements against the sky with long spaces of vacant lots between.

The cab stopped before a small detached cottage standing in the midst of a large empty lot, and Dick bade him wait, but the man refused.

"I've got another fare waiting for me," he protested and pocketed the money Dick paid him. "There's a car line three blocks east of here. You can walk that easily."

The machine moved away, and Dick felt in his pocket for his revolver. It was there. He approached the cottage with a sinking heart.

It was dark and gloomy, but somebody within the house had been watching for him, for the door opened inward, and as he passed through something soft and thick was tossed over his head, tied tightly about his neck, and he was grasped in strong arms and his hands and feet bound, and he was tossed in the corner of a room on the bare boards.

Footsteps crossed the room heavily and left the house, and the front door was locked, and some person left the premises.

A great silence fell upon the cottage. The bag which was tied tightly over Dick's face acted as a gag until he worked his jaws sufficiently to free himself. Then his lips parted stiffly, and he called Edith's name once, twice, three times.

"Is that you, Dick?" came her hysterical voice at his elbow. "How did you get here?"

"You phoned for me to come, didn't you?" he asked.

"No; I haven't had a chance! I've been abducted, Dick, and you must be, too, for you are all tied up, and that dreadful thing is there!" She began to sob.

Dick's strong teeth tore at the bag until he made a hole in it. Little by little he worked until his eyes appeared at the aperture he had made. What he saw caused him to sink back almost fainting.

A small kerosene lamp was placed on a kitchen chair and threw a feeble light around the bare, dirty room. Near him, leaning against the wall, was Edith Lane, still wearing her street attire, but looking white and distraught with a great fear. Her ankles and wrists were tied securely, but her face was free. She was staring wildly at something on the floor not three feet distant from them.

There was something cylindrical in shape, and attached to it by wires was an ordinary nickel alarm clock ticking away in the most resolute manner. The hands pointed to past 11 o'clock.

"Tell me everything you know about the matter, dear," commanded Dick as he recognized that they were to be the victims of a dynamite plot and whenever that clock's hands reached the fateful point there would be the end of the world for them.

Edith told him in a voice that she vainly tried to steady of the girl who had lured her to a tenement building under plea of a dying mother and how when the tenement had been reached she had been bound and gagged and made to wait until darkness came, when she was taken blindfolded in a carriage to this cottage.

A man and a girl, both foreigners, had arranged the time clock that operated the deadly machine, and they had told her that at 4 o'clock in the morning she and her lover would be in eternity. Then the girl had gone forth for awhile and returned to say that Dick was on his way.

"Then it was not you who telephoned to me?" demanded Dick.

"No; I haven't had the opportunity."

"It must have been some one who knew me—who knew us both. Did you recognize either of them?"

"No; they were masked. Of course I could guess that the girl was the one who had lured me, but the man I did not know, only it seemed as though one of his hands was familiar—a livid scar like a cross on the back of the right hand. It was a workman's rough hand."

"You saw it at the paymaster's wicket, dear," said Dick quietly. "Jaros Wostokow has a scar like that. He's been sore on me for a long time, but I can't see why he wants to include you in his devilish scheme of revenge."

"As a lure to bring you, Dick."

"He said the thing would go off at 4 o'clock?" asked Dick.

"Yes. What can we do? I can't stir hand or foot."

"If he said 4 o'clock it was to delude us with the belief that we had plenty of time to free ourselves. It's probably set for midnight." Dick's teeth gritted at the bag that partly enveloped his head. After a few minutes of frantic effort his head was thrust through, and then, rolling over on his side, he worked his way along the few feet of space that separated him from the clock. When he was near enough to study the alarm dial on the face he saw that he was right. It was set for 12 o'clock, and it was now fifteen minutes before midnight.

How he reached the lamp Dick never knew. It required heroic effort to brace himself against the chair without knocking it over. He held his bound wrists above the flame in the chimney and did not wince as his flesh scorched. After an eternity of waiting the heavy cord that bound his wrists charred through and broke away under the strain of his muscles.

"The rest is easy!" he called cheerily to the girl. He found his pocketknife, cut himself free from the bag and the cords at his feet and hastened to release his sweetheart. For an instant they stood in thankful appreciation of their deliverance from death; then they prepared to leave.

"There isn't time to put this thing out of business and save our lives, too," explained Dick hastily. "To tell the truth, I don't know just what to do, and there's danger of killing us both if I meddle with it. I'll take a look around and see if the house is empty. If there's no other living being here we'll have to cut out and run. It's a good thing the cottage stands alone. The explosion won't harm much else except the building."

The house proved to be entirely empty. In fact, there were "To Let" cards in the windows. Dick extinguished the lamp, led Edith to the door, and in a moment they were hastening down the street toward the car line.

Their car was bouncing down the avenue at a good pace when a clock struck midnight. Almost at the same instant there came from the direction of Vroon street a muffled roar.

Dick's hand closed tightly on that of his sweetheart. It was the working out of Jaros Wostokow's revenge, and by God's grace they had been saved from death.

Jaros never went back to the foundry to work. When the police sought him he and his daughter had disappeared, and later it was learned that they had returned to their old home in Russia.

Bellefonte Central R. R. Co.

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS

Commencement Week
The Pennsylvania State
College, June 7-13, '12

Pennsylvania R. R. trains from Sunbury, Williamsport, Lock Haven, and Montandon via Lewisburg, connect at Bellefonte, with Bellefonte Central trains for State College.

FRIDAY JUNE 7—Trains will leave Bellefonte for State College, 6:30, 10:15 a. m. 2:00 p. m. and 4:50 p. m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8—Trains will leave Bellefonte 6:30, 10:15 a. m. 2:00 p. m. and 4:50 p. m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9—For the accommodation of visitors to the College who may arrive at Bellefonte Saturday night a special train will be run Sunday leaving Bellefonte at 9:20 A. M. after the arrival of Penna. R. R. train from Williamsport and Lock Haven—Returning leave State College 3:30 p. m. connecting with Penna. R. R. trains.

MONDAY JUNE 10—Trains leave Bellefonte 6:30 10:15 a. m. 2:00 p. m. and 4:50 p. m. Returning leave State College 8:00, 11:50 a. m. 3:30 and 5:00 p. m.

TUESDAY JUNE 11—Trains leave Bellefonte 6:30, 10:15 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. Returning leave State College 8:00, 11:50 a. m 3:30 and 5:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 12—Trains leave Bellefonte, 6:30, 8:15, 10:15 a. m. 2:00 p. m. Returning leave State College 8:00, 11:50 a. m. 3:30 and 5:00 p. m.

THURSDAY JUNE 13—Regular trains will leave State College 8:00, 11:50 and 5:00 p. m. Connecting at Bellefonte with Penna. R. R. trains for the East, West and South.

F. H. THOMAS,
General Manager.

Return baggage can be checked from State College to all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

LAMP—200 hours of light for 1 cent. Makes and burns its own gas from kerosene oil, which is vaporized by a glass bulb burner. Scientific wonder of the world. Lamps used where people have electric lights. Makes it possible to sell to every household. Lamp made entirely of brass. Riches awaiting you. Rush $1.50. Complete lamp will be sent, charges paid. We guarantee lamp as above stated or your money returned. Town country and state agents wanted. Lamp a whirlwind seller. Pat. U. S. A. foreign countries. NEW PROCESS MFG. Co., 2 Lamp Room, Salina, Kas.

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This nerve-racking disease is caused from impure blood and uric acid poison. External applications sometimes give temporary relief but won't cure; the sure way to secure permanent results is to thoroughly eradicate from the blood all the impurities. Nothing on earth will drive out the poisons from your system, keep the bowels, kidneys and liver in good condition as SEVEN BARKS, the wonderful remedy that has proved its great merits the past 42 years.
SEVEN BARKS can be had of all druggists, at 50 cents per bottle. Give it a good trial and watch your rheumatism disappear.
LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

county representatives to take exclusive of the greatest disinfectant ever sold. Cure a county and a business that is lonely. Radium Spray Co., Curryburg.

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C. H. Wildmann, 143½ Bedford St., Cumberland, Md., writes: "I have used Foley Kidney Pills and find them all O. K. I had tried other remedies but Foley Kidney Pills are the best medicine I ever used." They are tonic in action and give quick and permanent benefit. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Charles Wright, 1512 French St., Wilmington, Del., recovered from a severe attack of rheumatism caused by rheumatism and says: "The rheumatic pains kept me awake at night but after taking Foley Kidney Pills the pain lessened and soon I was able to sleep all night, and I am cured of all kidney trouble." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Farmers--Lime and Lime
Don't be a back number, make your ground produce. The use of LIME will do it. All successful farmers use
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The Proof That Bellefonte Readers Cannot Deny.

What could furnish stronger evidence of the efficiency of any remedy than the test of time? Thousands of people testify that Doan's Kidney Pills cure permanently.

Home endorsement should prove undoubtedly the merit of this remedy. Years ago your friends and neighbors testified to the relief they had derived from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They now confirm their testimonials. They say time has completed the test.

Mrs. John Fisher, 51 South Water Street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills just as highly today as I did three years ago when I gave a public statement in their favor. A member of my family procured Doan's Kidney Pills from Green's Pharmacy Co. and received prompt and permanent relief through their use from an attack of kidney complaint. I have also taken Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and pains through my kidneys and they have always had the same effect. You are welcome to publish this statement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Married Man Needs Hair Restorer.

Will Irwin, writing a story entitled "Youth Will be Served" in the American Magazine, makes one of his characters give another the following advice about thinning hair and a hair restorer:

"A man gets to an age when it begins to thin, and there's little he can do to stop it. I think myself that a man of your complexion looks better when his forehead comes out in front a little. Honest, old-fashioned Smith's Mange Cure will do as much as anything to hold it; there's no use of a bachelor trying any hair restorer, because it's got to be rubbed in. A married man can count on that; his wife will do it for him. But a lone man will stick to it for about three nights and then drop the whole proposition. Better keep your scalp clean and leave it be."

Pearls for Farmer and Wife.

Lambs gain in weight during their first month largely in proportion to milk received. For this reason attention should be paid to the milking quality of ewes.

Here is the recipe for an excellent sarsaparilla decoction to purify the blood: Slice ½ pound sarsaparilla root thin and put over fire in 2 quarts water. Simmer 4 hours, strain, pounding root to mash, return to the liquid and boil down to 2 pints. Strain, cool and bottle. The dose is 1 tablespoon in glass cold or hot water, sweetened to taste.

The modern method of sealing jelly glasses with melted paraffin has many advantages over the old-fashioned method of covering with paper. The wax can be saved up from year to year, melted over again and used many times.—Farm and Home.

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Executor's Notice.

In Estate of Elizabeth J. Davis, late of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to

ANNIE E. NOLL,
Executrix.
Linden Hall, Pa.

Harry Keller, Attorney.

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A Nihilist Episode

It Occured at a State Dinner at St. Petersburg

By PAUL MURIANIEF

I don't know any woman who has a better chance to see the upper world than the wife of a diplomat. She takes her social rank from the diplomatic service and often is admitted where nobles cannot go. Quite frequently there are functions wherein the number of invited guests is limited, but from which the representatives of other countries cannot be left out.

One of the posts where my husband was stationed was St. Petersburg, Russia. He was not the minister plenipotentiary, but secretary of legation. Even this subordinate position admitted us to the larger ceremonies, and there was a period when the minister was called away and we were advanced during his absence to his privileges.

On one occasion we attended a state dinner given at the Winter palace. I believe that my husband and myself were the only persons present except the representatives of the French republic who were not noble. I was taken in to dinner by the secretary of the German legation, and my husband took in the wife of the British ambassador. There was a large company assembled, and of course all were either nobles or high government officials or members of the diplomatic corps.

Never did outside appearances more belie the actual condition. The czar and czarina fulfilled their duties as hosts as well as their imperial position with that dignity which was required of them, while they were living on a mine that was liable to explode at any moment. There were also officials present whose lives were in danger. The only persons who had cause to feel perfectly safe were we of the diplomatic corps, and even we were liable through sympathy or deception to become mixed in some revolutionary plot involving assassination from the consequences of which the government we represented would not save us.

It was impossible in looking about among the brilliantly liveried attendants to know who were servants and who were spies, special guards, members of the secret police or persons otherwise connected with the foiling of attempts to assassinate either the emperor, some of the royal family or important officials of the empire.

Opposite me sat a dignified man whom I noticed that all who came in contact with treated with great respect. I asked who he was and was told that he was the governor of Finland. I caught my breath, for at that time the province of Finland was undergoing a terrorism from the imperial government that had excited against it a very bitter feeling. But to look at this man conversing glibly with his dinner companion one would not dream that many a citizen of the province he governed would be delighted to plunge a knife into his heart. Possibly his composure was assumed, possibly he had become used to danger as a soldier who continually faces death, but the most probable solution was that the servant who waited on him was a trained protector, who was watching the slightest motion of every one near his chief.

There was a fascination for me about the young lady who sat next to the governor that I could not well account for. Never have I seen such a face, such eyes, such an expression. She was not beautiful, at least according to the Anglo-Saxon's conception of beauty. She was rather impressive. I asked also who she was and was told that she was the daughter of a prominent general in the Russian army.

The emperor and his consort leave the dining room at state dinners before their guests. Indeed, their presence there is but one of the many formalities to which they are slaves, though masters of millions of subjects. All the guests rise while the imperial couple pass out and remain standing till they have disappeared. During this passage all eyes were turned upon them. Mine, however, had found something that interested me more than they, and there was a little drama being enacted before me. I saw the girl I have mentioned turn and give a quick glance at a servant who stood behind her chair. I did not note her expression, but I did note the expression of the servant. His eyes were fixed upon her with a look I shall never forget. At no time in my life have I seen the human eye express so much. The only idea I can give of what it expressed is the feelings of a cat that is about to pounce upon a mouse.

When we were reseated a change had come over the young lady. It was evident that her mind was bent on extricating herself from some danger. Furthermore, she gave me a look which spoke as plainly as words an appeal for help. It was a woman's appeal to a woman, an appeal involving much to the one who made it. Knowing the conditions existing in St. Petersburg at that time and from what I had seen, I would have been very obtuse had I not made one of those quick inferences that come to us in moments of great importance as to the underlying cause. I knew that the girl was in danger from the waiter and had a vague idea that it was from some political complication. More than this I could form no opinion.

But what a position for me to occupy! Appealed to by one of my own sex, to refuse was repugnant to me. To mix myself up with some revolutionary incident would not only endanger my being sent to Siberia, but also involve my husband, who was a representative of the United States bound in honor to keep aloof from anything that did not concern his government. I made no decision as to how I should act, not knowing what would be required of me, but I kept my eyes open at what was going on both concerning the waiter and the young lady.

The latter was pale as death, but managed to appear composed to all save me, who was watching her. I alone saw the commotion going on within her in her restless eye, now darting hither or thither like some wild animal at bay, now moved by fear now by desperation and now by a cold calm purpose.

Presently I saw her, when something attracted the attention of those about her, take a pin, on the end of which was a sapphire, from her corsage. The hand that grasped it fell beneath the table. I glanced at the waiter behind her and was convinced that he had seen the move she had made. Neither he nor I could see what work her hands were engaged in, but from her position at a certain moment I saw that she had reached under the table almost if not quite to its middle.

There are born in us impulses that under certain circumstances are capable of working our ruin. I got an idea that the girl was fighting for her life and an uncontrollable impulse dominated me to help her. I deliberately, in full view of the waiter, put my hand under the table and felt for something I believed the girl had placed there. I came upon a pin stuck in the under side of the table. I drew it out, and with it came a bit of folded paper. Between my fingers the latter felt gritty. Before withdrawing it from where it was hidden I endeavored to get rid of this gritty substance.

Looking at the waiter, I saw him watching me with a puzzled expression on his face. He doubtless knew me for one of the diplomatic corps and understood that I had rights entirely different from any one else. I glanced from him to the girl and saw a look of gratitude that repaid me for the frightful risk I ran. I held in my hand a jeweled pin and a bit of paper, to which still clung enough of some substance for any chemist to tell what it was.

There are fortunate or unfortunate incidents that determine our happy or adverse fate. One of these occurred at this important moment to me. Cigarettes were passed. In Europe the women as well as the men smoke cigarettes. We American women usually do not. I had never smoked a cigarette in my life. But now a device came to me for getting rid of the paper I held in my hand. I accepted a cigarette from the servant who offered it to me, but instead of lighting it from the wax taper he handed me I held it in my hand, as if deliberating whether or not I should smoke it. Watching for an opportunity, when my dinner companion lighted a cigarette from a match he took from a silver box he carried in his pocket, I waited till the match was nearly burned out; then, acting as if there was not sufficient fire left to light my own tobacco from it, I ignited the bit of paper I held in my hand and just before it was all consumed touched its flame to my cigarette.

There were three persons present, only one of whom positively knew what had been done by the destruction of this paper. The girl opposite looked radiant. The waiter seemed to consider that something had occurred to thwart his interests. I did not attempt to solve the problem. I only knew that the girl opposite me had desired to get rid of it or what it had contained.

This, so far as the state dinner was concerned, ended the episode. We continued at table for a short time longer. Then, the dinner being ended, the party broke up.

A long while passed before the matter was explained to me. Then on one of my at home days I was honored by a call from Mrs. General Katzikoff. On withdrawing she took my hand in hers and left in my palm a bit of folded paper. I had become accustomed to the chicanery common in Russia and had presence of mind not to appear to notice what she had given me. After all my callers had departed I took what she had left me to my bedroom, locked the door and, opening a little note, read it.

It was written by the daughter of the lady who had brought it to me and expressed, as I could not express it in my own words, heartfelt thanks for the service I had done her, stating that I had saved her from the dreaded Siberian mines. Many years later I met the writer in England, and she confessed to me that she was a Finlander and had purposed to slip a poison powder into the wine of the governor. Discovering that she was watched, she knew that if she did not get rid of the powder it would condemn her. I had taken a terrible risk, but had saved her from the consequences of a crime that had not been carried out.

I begged to return the jeweled pin with which she had fastened the paper to the table, but she insisted on my keeping it as a souvenir. We became fast friends, the girl declaring that, having saved her from what was far more to be dreaded than death, I virtually owned her. I naturally became much interested in her and begged her to refrain in future from such attempts as had miscarried under my observation and the possible consequences of which I had prevented. But I secured no promise.

Lime Shower is Sure Cure.

When the first chick shows symptoms of the gapes, stretching the neck and gasping for breath, place the entire brood in a small box, cover it with a piece of burlap and sprinkle dry, air-slacked lime over the burlap cover. Gently shake the cloth, so the lime will sift through and thoroughly fill the air inside the box.

The aim is to have the chicks breathe this-laden air, which is sure death to the worms lodged in the chick's windpipe. After two or three minutes, the cover may be removed, and the chicks returned to the hen or brooder. T. Z. Richey, in Farm and Home, says repeat every evening, until all symptoms of the trouble have disappeared.

Where chicks have been yarded on the same ground for two or three years in succession, one may expect an outbreak of gapes, unless efforts are made to thoroughly renovate the soil and kill the worms in the ground. The safest plan is to move the runs to new ground each season. Where this is not possible, the ground should be spaded frequently and thoroughly limed.

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August 7 to 19
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Visiting Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence River, Montreal, Quebec, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga Springs, and the Hudson River.

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July 31 to August 6
$68.50
Visiting Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, and almost two days in Montreal. Carriage drives and steamer trips.

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August 1 to 9
$61.85
Visiting Niagara Falls, Toronto, and Royal Muskoka Hotel in the beautiful Muskoka Lakes and the Highlands of Onario.

The Maritime Provinces
July 24 to August 4
$108.50
Visiting St. John, N. B.; Charlottetown; Halifax, "Evangeline Land," Yarmouth, and Boston. Combination rail and water trip.

Saratoga and the Adirondacks
July 31 to August 9
$83.50
Visiting Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, An Sable Chasm, Keene Valley, and Lake Placid, by rail, steamer, and stage.

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September 12 to 22
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Detailed itineraries and full information of Ticket Agents, or D. N. BELL, A. G. P. A., Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania Railroad

When is an Egg Decayed?

"When is an egg decayed?" is the latest problem to occupy official attention in Washington. The Supreme Court of the United States is called upon to decide the question and probably will soon announce the date for its consideration. Preparers of frozen eggs are asking for a ruling that will prevent pure food officers from condemning their product on account of a change in chemical composition unless it is affirmatively shown that the eggs are unfit for food or injurious to health. The government has informed the court that the case is of importance because frozen eggs are used in the manufacture of the greater part of cakes and pastry sold to the public.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv. Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
State College	7.25	11.10	3.20
Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
Waddles	8.20	12.10	f 5.25
Briarly	f 8.24	.....	f 5.27
Fillmore	f 8.28	12.18	f 5.35
Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
Coleville	8.40	12.30	f 5.50
Ar. Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Relieve feverishness, bad stomach, teething disorders, move and regulate the bowels and are a pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, A. S. Olmsted LeRoy, N. Y.

Here and There.

If you value your horse, cow or hog, use Green's Condition Powder.

Budd Thompson, of Martha, transacted business in town between trains on Monday.

Daniel Weaver, of Lemont, visited over Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Dennis White, of Lock Haven.

Mrs. C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, is visiting at the home of her father, C. T. Gerberich, on Thomas Street.

Miss Elizabeth Overdorf, of Jacksonville, was on Monday admitted to the Lock Haven hospital as a medical patient.

Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth returned home on Saturday evening, last, after a ten days' visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles K. Rath, at Elizabeth, N. J.

J. A. Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, was in Bellefonte between trains on Monday, enroute to Johnstown where he had an important business deal on this week.

Paul Miller, the 2-years-old son of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Miller, was struck on the head by a stone thrown by another child a few days ago, sustaining a painful injury.

The Guild of St. John's Episcopal church will hold a sale of home-made bread, pies, cakes and candy at Zeller's drug store on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

The third quarterly communion service will be observed on Sunday next, both morning and evening, at the Bellefonte United Brethren church, Rev. C. W. Winey pastor.

Tom Beaver yesterday went to Downingtown to attend the wedding of Miss Elizabeth M. Breese and John Gilbert McIlvaine, which will be solemnized today at one o'clock.

Miss Elizabeth Blanchard was an arrival home on Saturday evening, last, from Boston, Mass., where she conducted a very successful sale of baskets from the Bellefonte Basket Shop.

John M. Shugert, John Curtin, County Treasurer John D. Miller, George R. Meek and Hard P. Harris made an automobile trip to Altoona on Saturday to see the big Ringling Bros. circus.

Miss Ethel Paul, of Terre Haute, Indiana, and Alfred L. Pifer, of Lock Haven, were married on Wednesday morning at the United Brethren parsonage by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Winey.

Among the Bellefonte Masons in Pittsburg this week for the fifty-ninth annual State conclave were Rev. John John Hewitt, A. C. Mingle, W. I. Fleming, George T. Bush Theodore Cherry, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles.

Lawyer A. A. Dale departed yesterday for Bradford, where he will today deliver the memorial address to the Grand Army Posts of that city. He will visit with friends in Clearfield over Sunday, enroute home.

Misses Mabel and Rosie Fauble, who have planned a trip abroad this summer, will be unable to sail before June 29th. Inability to secure steamer berths necessitated postponing the time for their departure. They will spend a part of their time in Berlin.

A. J. Stover and his three sons, A. A. Stover, Warren F. Stover and William Stover, all of Coburn, were in Bellefonte between trains on Tuesday. They were enroute to South Dakota, where they will visit during the next month. On the return trip they will stop off for a brief stay with friends in Michigan.

L. H. Gettig, the butcher, accompanied by several butchers from State College, visited Lewisburg on Tuesday to purchase cattle. "Cattle for butchering are especially scarce in and about Bellefonte," remarked Mr. Gettig. "I do not know at this time of a single head for butchering to be had in all this territory." We must now go away for all our cattle.

The Tyrone "Herald" says that a corps of State highway department surveyors, in charge of W. O. Bennett, of Lancaster, have established headquarters at the Ward House, Tyrone, "while surveying proposed routes for State Highways from Bald Eagle to Port Matilda, Bellefonte to Port Matilda, thence to Philipsburg and Clearfield."

W. E. Hartsock, of Altoona, was down to Lock Haven on Saturday evening to hear the debate between the Lock Haven and West Chester Normal School debating team. Clarence Furst, son of W. G. Furst, of Patton township, was on the West Chester team. The decision was awarded Lock Haven, which evens up things, West Chester having won the debate last year.

Andrew Knisely, a former Bellefonte boy who is meeting with gratifying success with a restaurant and cafe at Tyrone, was seized with an attack of appendicitis on Sunday evening, last, and for a few minutes it looked very much as if an operation might be necessary. However, the attending physician managed to scatter the inflammation and Andy will soon be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Packer, Mrs. P. M. Sloan and Mrs. J. A. Bickford, of Lock Haven, returned home on Sunday night, after an automobile trip through the south. Although they traveled 1,396 miles, they made the entire trip with no accidents or tire troubles. On a number of occasions while in the South they had to secure horses, mules, and even oxen, to haul their car out of mud holes in the roads.

Sheriff Lee has done one thing since taking office for which he is deserving of lots of praise. He last week placed two very pretty flower beds in the lawn between the jail and Court House The planting of a few flowers in each bed does much to improve the appearance of things anywhere, and the building of the two flower beds a short distance from the jail is not only a very noticeable improvement but one which cannot but be appreciated by all.

Two good baseball games are scheduled Tomorrow afternoon, at 2 P. M. on Hughes field, the strong University of Pittsburg team will meet the Bellefonte Academy. At the same hour on Saturday afternoon the Academy will play the Juniata College team. Admission to each game 25c. Both visiting teams are rated high and good contests should be witnessed. The Academy has been playing first-class baseball right from the beginning of the season and the local boys are confident of two victories before sundown on Saturday.

If you enjoy a good cigar try "Black & White"—Sold at Green's.

Mr, and Mrs. Clyde Blackford on Saturday entertained Miss Margaret Scanlon, of Axe Mann.

Cyrus Hunter, of Halt-Moon township, was in town on Tuesday to attend the wild west show.

Miss Carrie Anderson left yesterday for Newport, Pa., where she will spend the next ten days with friends.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A., will meet at the Y. M. C. A. building Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

Miss Ruth Altenderfer, who recently underwent an operation at the Bellefonte hospital, was able to return home on Sunday.

Miss Margaret Eckenroth, of Unionville, was entertained on Saturday by her aunt, Mrs. Carrie Lucas, at the latter's apartments in Crider's Exchange.

Mrs. Archibald Allison entertained very delightfully at luncheon and cards on Friday, last, from eleven until four, twenty-five guests being present.

J. Linn Harris, who has been out at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, undergoing treatment for rheumatism, is expected to return home today or tomorrow.

John Toner Harris, nowadays one of the big men in the Bell Telephone Company, was a visitor over Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris, on Howard Street.

Mrs. Henry Lowry last week went out to Pittsburg to spend a few days with her daughter, Mrs. James Parsons, and also to meet her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Lowry, of Missouri, enroute to Bellefonte for a visit here.

LEROY LEATHERS DEAD

Well Known and Popular Resident of Howard Passes Away.

Following an illness against which he had bravely struggled for twenty months, LeRoy Leathers, one of Howard's best known and most popular residents, passed away at the home of his mother, in Howard, at 6.40 o'clock on Friday evening of last week. So favorably was he known and so greatly was he admired that the news of his death occasioned the keenest sorrow and regret among those with whom he had lived. By none will he be missed more than among the children of Howard. With them he was a favorite, and to them he was a jolly, open-hearted friend. They will long remember him as one who always found it a pleasure to contribute in one way or another to their happiness.

LeRoy Leathers was a son of Mrs. Ira C. Leathers and was born on April 18, 1877. He made his home with his mother and sister. Not quite two years ago his health failed. Bright's disease developed and he gradually declined. Although conscious of his condition he looked to the future with cheerfulness and bravely sought to not only get all the happiness possible out of life but to make others happy. For a number of years he served as a constable, but recently he resigned when he found that his health rendered it impossible for him to render the service he deemed was due from him. On Friday, last, he rapidly declined and at the hour noted he passed away. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, with services at the home of his mother, Rev. W. H. Patterson, of Blanchard, officiating. Interment was made in the Presbyterian cemetery at Jacksonville.

Surviving the deceased are his mother, one half-sister, Helen E. Lingle, of Johnsonburg; one half-brother, N. E. Leathers, of Renovo; three sisters, Mrs. W. H. Gardner, of Renovo; Carrie Leathers, at home, and Mrs. Harry Vaughan, of Newark, N. J.; also one brother, J. William Leathers, of Lock Haven.

Hospital Benefit.

The public is cordially invited to join the Women's Auxiliary of the Bellefonte hospital in making the benefit, which is to be given in the Armory on Thursday evening, June 6, a social and financial success. The admission is 50c.

There will be games of auction bridge, five hundred, euchre, flinch and also a checker contest.

The doors will be open at 8 o'clock and all the games will begin at 8.30, sharp. No prizes will be awarded, but the highest score in each game will be announced at the close of the evening.

The Dutch Kitchen will be open from 8 o'clock, on, and lemonade, hot coffee, cake, ice cream cones, cheese, crackers, pickles and iced butter milk will be served by those in charge for the small sum of 5c an order.

The proceeds of the benefit will be devoted to the household supplies, of which the hospital is greatly in need at the present time. The supplies needed include linen, bedding, towels, night robes, operating gowns, etc.

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Hannah J. Walk to Robert P. Williams, 10 acres in Taylor township; $100.

H. H. Frederick to John H. Close premises in Boalsburg; $225.

William A. Hoy, et al, exrs,, to William E. Cole, lot in State College; $895.

Roy Stiver et ux to George Stiver 88 acres in Huston township; $825.

Edward Lucas et al to David Chambers, lot in Snow Shoe; $200.

Eliza Lucas et al to David Chambers, lot in Snow Shoe township; $200.

M. L. Rishel admr to Jere Schreffler, 1 acre in Potter township; $64.

F. G. Wolf et ux to F. E. Smith, trac of land in Haines township; $27.50.

21 GRADUATES

(Continued from page 1)

several participants acquitted themselves with exceptional credit, revealing much care and preparation for the contest. The prize winners, as announced by the judges, were Miss Martha Rebecca Barnhart, first prize, and Ferguson Parker, second prize. The several participants and their respective subjects were as follows:

"The Night Terror," Dangerfield
KATHERINE ELIZABETH WALKER

"No Room for Mother," Anonymous
LOUISE E. STRAUB

"No Objection to Children," Adapted
MARY FREDERICA SCHAD

"Not Guilty," Anonymous
MARION M. DUKEMAN

"The Song of the Star," Mead
MARTHA REBECCA BARNHART

"Southern Loyalty," Grady
VINCENT TAYLOR

"His Wife," Gibbon
MARY CATHERINE KLINE

"Spartacus to The Gladiators," Kellog
SARAH CATHERINE LOVE

"Americanism," Roosevelt
FERGUSON PARKER

"The Homeliest Child," Gillmore
ANNA MARGARET BULLOCK

The several prizes awarded this year were as follows:

General excellency prize of $10, donor Col. W. F. Reynolds, awarded Miss Ruth Elizabeth Kline.

Mathematical prize of $10, donor Harry Keller, awarded Miss Ruth Elizabeth Kline.

Biographical essay prize of $10, donor Mrs. M. E. Brouse, awarded Miss Sarah Strohm Shuey.

D. A. R. American History prizes of $5 each, awarded Joseph Ceader, Jr., first, and Arthur Lee Confer, second.

Honor prizes, donors Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Hayes, awarded Miss Ruth Elizabeth Kline, first honor, and Miss Sarah Strohm Shuey, second honor. Special prize, $2.50 by same donors, awarded Miss Dorothy Richards Jenkins.

Latin prize of $5, donor Dr. Thomas VanTries, awarded Miss Sarah Strohm Shuey.

Junior declamatory prizes, donor Col. W. F. Reynolds, awarded Miss Martha Rebecca Barnhart, first prize of $10, Ferguson Parker, second prize of $5.

Book-keeping prize of $5, donor George R. Meek, awarded Fred Kaup.

Spelling prize of $5, donor George R. Meek, awarded Miss Jennie Straw.

News article prize of $10, donor George R. Meek, award not announced.

Lewistown Policeman Shot.

Chief of Police Hiram D., better known as "Pack Yeaman, of Lewistown, is in the Lewistown hospital in a precarious condition, from bullet wounds sustained in a running street duel with Dorsey G. Stoner, who, escaped but later was captured at Sunbury.

About 11.30 Saturday night in making his late rounds the chief came upon Stoner and his common law wife, Maggie Smith, engaged in an altercation. He ordered them both off the street and when Stoner resisted he used his club pretty freely. Immediately following an especially hard blow Stoner stepped back a pace and remarked "Yeaman, you struck your last man" and opened fire from a 28-calibre revolver at short range.

Five shots were fired as rapidly as he could pull the trigger and when he saw the officer fall he started to run in the direction of the west end of town. Chief Yeaman, although one of the bullets had entered his left breast between the first and second rib and another one lodged in the left leg just above the knee, had not lost his nerve and instantly regained his feet and was in hot pursuit, firing rapidly as he ran after the fleeing negro. More than a square was traversed during which time a constant exchange of shots was kept up, to the peril of innocent bystanders.

Stoner fell but was quickly on his feet again. Stepping just around the corner he stood with weapon leveled, ready to fire the fatal shot when the officer appeared in sight, but Mrs. Bessie Naylor, who resides in the corner house, probably saved his life by stepping between the two men as the officer came in range.

Some months ago, Yeaman shot and wounded Stoner in an effort to arrest him and the latter had sworn vengeance.

Dorsey G. Stoner is 35 years old, 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, is light, freckled faced, a mixture of Indian, white and southern negro, with deep nasal twang.

Free Technical Education.

Notices have been posted that examinations will be held in New York city during the month of June for the purpose of selecting two young men, sons of veterans employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, who will be sent to a technical college of their selection for a period of four years, free of charge, as provided by the will of the late Frank Thompson, a former president of the company.

State Wins Track Meet.

The State College track team defeated Dickinson on Saturday, 90½ to 21½. State took every event with the exception of the hurdles, both of which resulted in dead heats between Pier, of State, and Rue, of Dickinson.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

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We've made a special effort this year to cater to the needs of the average man who wants a good suit and is willing to pay for it but who insists on real value for every penny expended. At **$12**; **$15**, and **$18** we have concentrated our buying endeavors, in the effort to have the very best at those popular figures, that those sums would buy.

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